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"The Peculiar Institution."

A SOUTHERN SCENE.

Extract of a letter received from Nathan Hinshaw, of Randolph county, Indiana, from a correspondent in the South:

"The crying injustice and cruelty of Slavery had frequently engaged my attention during the course of my journey; but never more than while I was in this place, where this oppressed race are very numerous and frequently sold at auction like cattle. At one of these sales, I was much affected in hearing a young colored man pleading his cause. His aged father and mother, and his wife and child, were all mounted upon the stage, so that they might be seen by the bidders; they were about to be sold. The young man stepped forward and stood by them, but was soon ordered down. He said he wanted to be sold with them; but was told that he could not, as it was a sale to satisfy a mortgage upon the others, in which he was not included. He plead with very affecting and moving language, to show how hard it was to separate from his family; but it was all to no purpose. When he saw that his prayer was unheeded, and that the others would be sold without him, he burst into a flood of tears, and in the anguish of his feelings, besought them rather to kill him, 'for,' said he, 'I would rather die than be separated from my family.' Upon which he was dragged off the scaffold, and driven away. The company went on bidding, apparently as unconcerned as though the auctioneer had been selling a sheep; while the screams and prayers of the aged parents, and of the bereaved wife with the infant in her arms, went up to heaven in behalf of themselves, and especially for the poor young man, who had been so inhumanly torn away from them. Besides these victims of cruel and unchristian avarice, there was a large number more confined in a cellar, who were brought out and sold to different purchasers. Thus it is, that near relatives are violently separated, never more to see each other in this world!"

Pro-Slavery.

From the Christian Mirror, Exeter, New Hampshire.

DELUSIONS.

It is comforting to a charitable mind, that we are not compelled to attribute all the strange doctrines that are broached, and the erratic movements that are made, to malicious designs. At least malice is not imputable to every one who avows and defends these strange vagaries. One prominent man of this class we suppose to be Wendell Phillips, a distinguished speaker at the late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New-York, old organization.

He seems to possess great amiability of temper, naturally, a fine taste, and good talents, and a winning eloquence, which has few parallels. Yet he denounces the Constitution of his country, and the Church of his Redeemer, in terms the most bold and decided. He professes to see no hope of emancipation for the slave, or for the prevalence of universal liberty but by the dissolution of the Church! What can have wrought such a conviction in a mind so well informed, and, as we presume, predisposed to fairness?

The question we need not attempt to solve; but that he labors under an egregious misapprehension is capable of full demonstration. We do not believe there is another class of men of equal numbers in the land, who feel so much on account of this dreadful evil, or mourn over it so deeply and heartily as the ministers and members of our churches in the free States. We doubt not that Mr. P. himself derived his anti-slavery principles and feelings from or through the Church, by some one or more of the channels of its influence. In our own country certainly, ministers of the gospel have been among the foremost and most efficient in pleading the cause of liberty, and their flocks have largely sympathized with them. When the modern agitation begun, none were more hearty in it, than a large portion of our ministers and church members. Many of them connected themselves with the American Anti-Slavery Society and its auxiliaries; and many more would have done the same, but for the knowledge of principles avowed by some of its leaders, fraught with more fatal dangers than Slavery itself. Not a few who did join and labor with indefatigable zeal, were obliged to disconnect themselves, or act as traitors to their Master. Garrison, with whom Mr. P. acts, early manifested the most decided hostility to the Sabbath, the ministry, and the Church; and gave occasion for the shrewd suspicion, that the abolition of these rather than of Slavery, was the object of his zeal. How could ministers, who are set for the defence of the gospel, and are solemnly bound to maintain and defend its institutions, continue to be "true yoke fellows" with such a man and his associates?

It is by no means clear, that the Church in her collective capacity, is bound to array herself against civil Government and its ordinances. She was not by Christ and his apostles. If Government exacted of her members anything which was sinful, they quietly refused obedience, and chose the penalty. In our country, the members of the church have more appropriate facilities for acting upon and influencing the Government, than any furnished them by their ecclesiastical relations. They have rights and prerogatives as citizens, which they can use in connection with their fellow-citizens out of the Church for such purposes.

The Church is the "pillar and ground of the truth." It is her great business, her absorbing and permanent duty, to exemplify and propagate the gospel; and there are very good reasons why she should prosecute this aim, instead of relinquishing it for some subordinate work. Her direct efforts to abolish Slavery might not prove speedily, if at all, successful. But she has that to impart which can make a slave happy even in bonds, and happy forever. We have good authority for saying that "in Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free." The Church does right to recognize this great truth, and do her utmost to give the gospel to all. In so doing she acts in accordance with her vocation. The gospel was intended for all, is equally a blessing to all who receive it, and raises all, in the most essential respects, to the same level.

If she would act vigorously in this line of operation, it would prove the best thing she could do for the slaves, and every other class of human beings. It would be keeping in vigorous operation an influence, which in due time, will adjust every wrong. There are moral diseases, as well as bodily, which you cannot always reach by a direct effort. You must raise the tone of general health, and invigorate the constitution, and thus throw off a local malady. We have not a doubt, that an analogous process is going forward in the Church; and what she is doing has an important and effectual bearing on the extinction of Slavery—as little obvious perhaps, as the silent operations of dews and suns on the process of vegetation; but not the less important on this account. It is not the tornado and the tempest chiefly, that render the earth productive.

It is preposterous to decry the Church and her ministry at this rate. Who have labored to better purpose than Hopkins, Edwards, Channing, and Wayland, not to mention others living and dead. And it may be asked, what part of the church or ministry, in the free States, have not hailed and cheered these efforts? It is a grievous wrong to charge her with standing in the way of emancipation. But what she does on this subject, she is anxious to have done, "decently and in order," as the Scriptures require; not by the demolition of civil Government, but by the legitimate operations of truth, and we trust no brow-beating or censure will ever drive her from this course.

The lessons of experience are instructive on this point. We do not know a local church, which has taken the violent course, or placed the personal liberty of the slave higher on the scale of worth than his eternal salvation, which has not suffered a sad deterioration, and come to show less regard to whatsoever things are pure, honest, just, lovely, peaceful, and of good report.

We would tell Mr. P. that it is the easiest thing in the world to censure and denounce. And there is no association of men in the world that has not faults enough to afford him material for censure, not excepting his own favorite Society. But it is a miserable way to employ one's breath. If he will look attentively and impartially, he will find something good also, even in that Church which he has so indiscriminately execrated.

From the New-York News.

DIVISION OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The hasty and ill-judged action of the Methodist Conference in the case of Bishop Andrew is matter of deep regret, not only to the members of the church, but to the friends of religion and good order generally, as well as of the Union, our common country. Disguised as it may be, it is undeniably a bold attempt to make the exercise of certain rights of citizenship a disqualification to hold office in the church. It is understood that Bishop Andrew was elected as a Southern man, but non-slaveholder, and in consequence of the unexpected acquisition of slaves, the Conference, in a hasty and thoughtless manner, that might better become passionate children than grave elders, passed a resolution that he abstain from the exercise of his powers until his slaves should be made free. We have no doubt that this action of the Conference is distasteful to nine-tenths of the members of the church, inasmuch as it is an unwarrantable attempt to reach the temporal affairs of one member, through their spiritual connection with him. It is an attempt to deprive the South of a Bishop on a plea, not only entirely foreign to spiritual matters, but one, the end and object of which is bloodshed and murder, involved in the crime of treason to the country. Nothing so much tends to lower the high character which the chief officers of the Church should sustain, and to disperse the halo of awe and respect with which they are usually surrounded, than for them to step aside from their spiritual duties, and under the influence of prejudice, to become the tools of a morbid fanaticism. Under such circumstances it can become no ground of complaint that the South, whose rights, guaranteed to her under the Constitution, are thus sought to be filched from her, should wish to withdraw from a connection with those who, having ceased to be charitable, are no longer disposed to dwell in brotherly love.

From the Mystery.

WORKMEN.

In passing round the Burnt District, we see comparatively few colored men at work, although we have a personal knowledge of several who are prime workmen in brick and stone, as well as excellent plasterers, to say nothing about the laborers.

Whose fault is this—is it because colored men are too diffident to seek employment of this kind, or is it on account of (as it has been told to us) white men, and those who are strangers, too, and have come from a distance to seek work among the ruins of our city, who refuse to work for any man that employs a *colored* workman? We don't know whether this be true or false, we merely make the inquiry, and ask whether it be true or not?

Surely, there should be no such nice discrepancies, which are exceedingly out of place, especially at this time. We should think, every *sufferer*, either black or white should have the preference of work at this time, provided the employer can be suited, and Pittsburghers should be employed before any others, since it is they who alone can feel the real severity of the great calamity, whether a sufferer or not, as those who escaped the flames, feel its effects indirectly, either by the loss of employment, or the necessary suspension of the payments of money or other accommodations derived from this great business part of the city. This being strictly true, then all must more or less, feel the effects of this disaster, and none more so than the poor, the laboring classes, the greater part of whom depended upon those very capitalists and business men, now burnt out, for a livelihood. Why then give strangers the preference, (we care not of what color,) to that of the suffering *Pittsburghers?* We are in hopes that this report may prove unfounded.

Selections.

From the British and Foreign A. S. Reporter.

JAMAICA—THE EMANCIPATED CLASSES.

Extract of a letter from Joshua Tinson to Joseph Sturge, dated Calabar, Jamaica, November 15, 1844:

"You refer to discouraging accounts received from certain quarters as to the moral conduct of the emancipated, and ask my opinion. Jamaica is not yet an Elysium, or, if that be too heathenish a word, a Paradise. But, if it be not a Paradise, it is not Pandemonium. Perhaps some good people in England have indulged anticipations that sound judgment would hardly justify—anticipations cherished, no doubt, from implicit reliance on report, without sufficiently considering the history of mankind, and what human nature ever has been, and ever must be, till more entirely imbued with religious principle. With respect to the grand experiment in this island, as far as my observation and experience have gone, I should say the experiment has been decidedly successful. My sober and settled conviction is, that, all things considered, the result is quite equal to what we ought to have expected. We have had years of severe drought, unprecedented in the history of the country. This tried the planters, and tried everybody. It necessarily abridged employment to a very great extent; for the managers of estates, where they had the power, were unwilling to bestow labor on the properties, with so little prospect of any return. The people were, consequently, without employment, and the want of occupation is both morally and physically injurious; if, therefore, some of them, even of those who professed Christianity, evinced a spirit at variance with the maxims of the Gospel, let us not think it strange or despond on account of it. Not a few of the employers, who needed nothing to render their tempers austere and oppressive towards the laborers, were chafed and fretted by circumstances over which they could have no control, and were ready to charge the people with indolence and immorality, instead of submitting to the hand of God which was heavy upon them. We have now beautiful seasons, and it will be seen who are in fault. Where there are means for working estates, and that vicious adherence to old prejudices, still far too prevalent, does not interfere, there can be little doubt of excellent returns. That foolish and wicked bubble, emigration, continues to be viewed by many as the panacea for Jamaica's afflictions; while nothing, I am confident, can be more fallacious than such an opinion. We have land enough, it is true, to sustain many thousands of immigrants, but laborers we do not want—there are enough here to cultivate all the estates to a much greater extent than during Slavery, notwithstanding the vast amount of land brought into cultivation as the property of the emancipated. But the owners or managers of estates either cannot, or will not, pay for their cultivation, even at a much lower rate of expense than during Slavery. Hence the country must be heavily taxed, and loans obtained from England to introduce laborers from India—a measure fraught with nothing but mischief, to say nothing of its dishonesty. To the planters it will be useless, if not ruinous; and to the morals of our native peasantry alarmingly destructive. Everything should be done that can be done to oppose it. Perhaps you hear that the people refuse to work, and sometimes leave estates in the midst of crop. These statements may admit of an explanation which, if not sufficient to justify, may very much lessen the supposed criminality of such conduct. With very few exceptions, the managers take every advantage they possibly can of the laborers, not only to reduce their wages, but to harass them by not paying their wages when earned. I hear complaints of this kind continually. Not a few of our congregation say they have been owed wages ever since last January. Some have had none for four or five months. They are offered flour by the barrel; but this they are unwilling to take, as they want other things, and the price is also very high. The pimento crop is just over. It was very abundant, and brought a high price. The people were paid well at the beginning of the crop; but as soon as all was picked the people were put off, and told they must wait for the balance of their money. This is not the thing for poor people who are dependent on their daily earnings for bread. There is a poor man in our congregation who engaged to clean a field for five pound. It was a heavy job, and he earned little more than one shilling a day. When the work was finished it was examined and approved of, and papers given acknowledging the debt: I have seen them, but no money has ever been paid. The poor man got credit for food during the performance of the work, on the strength of the agreement; the overseer has left the property, the money is not paid, and the laborer has been sued for the bread that he ate during the work. Another took a piece of road to mend; he employed others to help him; the parties who had the disposal of the money granted by the Assembly for the road, and who employed the person referred to, refused, when the work was done, to pay the money; and thus the poor fellow lies out of his money, has none to pay the hands he employed, and they are ready to devour him. In this manner, and in various other ways, are the people teazed. Can we wonder, then, at their occasionally going wrong? I know one case this year in which all, or nearly all, the people left the estate in the midst of crop. It happened thus:—It was pimento time; pickers were needed, and able hands, accustomed to the work, could earn two shillings and sixpence or three shillings sterling a day—sometimes perhaps more, when the pimento was abundant. They were getting only one shilling and sixpence a day at the highest on the sugar estate, and they left to go and gather pimento. This was trying to the planter; but it was only doing what the planters do by them—making the most of their opportunity. But then I ought to mention, that on a neighboring estate, where the people were getting the same wages—one shilling and sixpence a day, and could have left, they all remained. And why? On the latter the manager was not only civil to the laborers, but sought to give them employment, as far as possible, out of crop; and therefore the people said they would not leave him. In the former case the overseer cared nothing about the interests of the laborers, and only employed them as necessity or caprice might dictate, and they acted on the same principle. I do not mean to say that the people are never wrong—far from it; but I do mean to say, that, on a serious review of the whole matter, the wonder is that we are doing so well, rather than that we are not doing better; and to sit down in despondency shows, I think, either a weak, sickly state of mind, or an ignorance of the world's history and of the nature of man.

"4th February, 1845. I have conversed freely on the state of the island; and, while I still feel that the people are not without their faults—(would it not be surprising if they were?)—I have seen no cause for altering the opinions expressed in the previous part of this letter. My greatest concern is about the young, lest those who are now children, from the want of education or proper employment, should grow up with habits of indolence, and notions altogether erroneous about freedom. But we should not look for all at once. The old state of society, if society it might be called, has been completely dissolved, and it must take time to consolidate a new and totally different kind of society. Parties should not provoke disappointment by expecting too much."

From the Antigua Herald.

ANTIGUA—IMPROVEMENTS IN AGRICULTURE.

We were very much interested by the perusal of the "Report of the Sub-Committee of Management on the Proceedings at Cochrane's Estate on the 12th November," detailing the results of the various agricultural experiments submitted for inspection;—and we sincerely rejoice to find that the anticipations, which we have so often expressed, have been so triumphantly realized. We rejoice on account of the country, and on account of these islands generally, because we see here the germ, the first outbudding of a system, which, when fully matured, will enable our planters to grow and prepare their produce at an infinitely lower cost than at present, and to compete with any sugars in the markets of Great Britain, come from where they may. We call it the germ of a system, because, as yet, it is only in its very first stage of infancy, and because the principle which it involves embraces a far wider range than is yet contemplated—when fully carried out in all the operations of an estate, as it necessarily must, and, sooner or later, will be, it will reduce the demand for manual labor amazingly, and the price of wages, and the cost of the staple, in proportion to the double saving effected; and we should not then be surprised to find sugar made ready for the market, as the *Liverpool Paper* and the *Economist* say has already been done, at eight or ten shillings per hundred weight. The grand exploit of emancipation will then have gained its great and enduring triumph, and Slavery will be effectually overthrown, when the comparative cheapness of freedom is so completely and convincingly demonstrated. The "Report" exhibits the following results:—1st. The success of the hoe harrow in the weeding of canes, at a saving of nearly fifty per cent.; 2d. The practicability of cultivating the cane without holing or crossholing, and the successful substitution of implemental husbandry, in the entire preparation of the soil, at an average saving of about three-fourths of the present expense; 3d. The vast improvement obtained from ploughing between the rows of rattoon canes, and the consequent gain to the planter at a very trifling cost; 4th. The assurance of incalculable benefits which the country must reap, if the principle is fully and universally adopted. These follow as a necessary consequence, and need no particular illustration: hands will be disengaged, means and opportunities for extending the cultivation of the island will be furnished at a greatly diminished rate, the amount of productions will be augmented, larger exports will be made, and consequently capital and general property indefinitely increased. We look, indeed, upon the beneficial "results of machinery" as beyond all calculation; and they will, we doubt not, if skilfully taken advantage of, not only be the saving of these colonies against the consequence of all foreign competition, but will yet raise them to a pitch of agricultural and commercial greatness which they have not hitherto experienced. We have no hesitation in declaring our belief, that at this present moment, Antigua is foremost in the field, and that she is now making greater efforts to economize labor, to substitute implemental for manual force, and thus to secure her success, than any other colony in this Archipelago. It is certain that she has produced this year, with decidedly less than ten thousand pair of hands, a crop nearly equal to that of Barbadoes, with more than thirty thousand. We speak of available hands actually brought into estate operations.

To the Editors of the Williamsburg Gazette:

SIRS:—A few brief prefatory remarks will, I think, render the following letter sufficiently clear to your readers.

By the third section of article sixth, of the Constitution of the United States, all members of Congress—of the several State Legislatures,—and, all executive and judical officers, both of the United States, and of the several States, "shall be bound, by oath or affirmation, to support *this* Constitution."

Under an impression that Mr. Birney's election, as a member of the Legislature of Michigan was secured, I wrote to him, in November last, in order to ascertain his views in relation to this oath, which, I suggested—in reference to the third clause, of section second, of article fourth, of said Constitution—I could not take, if the case were mine, without a qualification, viz: To support said Constitution, in *so far only*, as it does not require anything contrary to *good morals*—to *settled, admitted*, and *unchangeable* LAW—and, to the express command of God, in the Holy Scriptures.

Mr. Birney, in his reply, *finds no difficulty* in *affirming, without qualification.* In "*affirming*," he "affirms" to support "*a Constitution of Government.*" "Governments have no right to ordain anything immoral or unjust; and he should feel bound to disregard any such requirements." As to the *guilty character* of the clause in the Constitution, I do not find, between us, any difference of opinion. But, how to act in regard to it, *there* it will be found, that we are very widely apart.

Mr. Birney is too frank and upright, to be unwilling, than anything he has said or written, should be published. Anything less than his entire letter, cannot, of course, render strict justice to his views and reasoning. But, in the absence of his express permission, it would be uncourteous in *me* to *publish* his letter.

P. S.

WILLIAMSBURG, Kings Co. L. I.
March 29, 1845.

Hon. JAMES G. BIRNEY,—Dear Sir:—On the 27th December, I received yours in reply to mine of 14th November. On New-Year's day, I sat down to attempt an answer, but was interrupted before I had made much progress. Since then, domestic cares, and my every day avocations, have prevented me from resuming my task, until now.

I find it impossible to concur in your view of the subject.

Because, though the Constitution of the United States be, as you say, "a Constitution of Government," yet, from the history of its formation, and an inspection of its provisions, it is manifestly a good deal more. To my apprehension, it is a treaty, an agreement between different communities, or States; and its provisions, of the nature of articles of copartnership, between the partners in the great firm of the United States. It partakes, also, of the nature of a contract, made by trustees or guardians, for the benefit of their wards. Now, so far as it can be made to appear that those trustees—those guardians—acted in good faith, and for the benefit of their trust, no after discovery of inconvenience simply, or even hardship, can, I take it, vacate the contract, or any of its provisions, without the consent of a majority of all the parties.

But, the case is materially different, if we discover that one of the conditions is of a highly criminal and guilty character, and that it seeks, by the solemnity of an oath, to bind the parties to do that which is contrary to the Law of Nature and Nations, and to the express command of the Divinity himself, in such case, made and provided. Such a condition, I have insisted, and I understand you to admit, is void, *ab initio*, and could never bind even the parties making it, much less the parties whom they undertook thus to bind. And though provision is made in the Contract for its amendment, yet, if the effecting such amendment as is requisite, be in this case exceedingly improbable or remote, then the parties *cannot, must not* wait; but must wash their hands of the guilt *immediately*, and give notice to all parties concerned, of their determination no longer to abide by the guilty condition.

As to the *meaning* of the *terms* employed in the Constitution, generally, there can be little doubt; but if doubt arise, the Supreme Court is the only legal and equitable interpreter. Persons swearing or affirming to support and maintain the Constitution, swear or affirm to support *this* Constitution, *this* agreement, *this* compromise, *these* articles of copartnership; and not this, that, or the other abstraction, in the minds of parties so swearing or affirming. Any other rule than this, would be intolerable. For in the matter of abstract views, mine would be probably different from yours; a third at variance with both, and a fourth different from all three. Nothing but anarchy, and confusion could result from parties swearing to support the Constitution; with a determination, nevertheless, in their own minds, so to support it only, as *they* construe and understand it.

I marvel, Sir, that, as between you and me, there can be two sides to this question. Whether the abstract view, which you take of the Constitution, be correct or otherwise, (I should rather say, what you deem a Constitution of Government *is*, or *should be*,) cannot belong to the present question at all. The case before us, is an *agreement* with *parties in interest.* On one side, parties contend that the condition on which issue is now joined, is essential to them; that it is a guarantee to their peculiar institutions; and, in short, that it is a principal part of the consideration, by which they were induced to enter into the agreement at all. I, on the other hand, contend that this condition is an agreement to do wickedly, and is, *therefore*, void. Thus far, I understand you to agree with me. How it is, that you can find no difficulty in *affirming* to support the Constitution, with a determination, nevertheless, to *disregard* this condition, or any other you may deem immoral, is to me, I confess, inconceivable.

Where parties swear, or affirm *unwittingly*, the case is different. Until made aware of the wickedness they have bound themselves to fulfil, they are probably guiltless; but then no longer. But what can, or will be said of him, who, convinced of its full enormity, nevertheless, comes before the world, and in the apprehension and judgment of all men, swears or affirms to uphold and maintain the Contract of which this guilty condition is a part? Will his thus taking that Holy Name in vain, be excused, by his mental reservation, and determination *not* to fulfil this condition? Or will it shield him from the just imputation of fraud and perjury, which will certainly be cast on him by all parties in the State? I trow not.

I speak plainly, Sir, because I deem that the case requires it. From you, who have made sacrifices so great, in the cause of down-trodden humanity, that your sincerity cannot be questioned, we look, and are entitled to look, for something better than this. From the precious seed so abundantly sown by you, we look for fruit more perfect and wholesome. Sure I am, that with you, personal success, is of infinitely less importance, than the establishment of great principles. I much mistake you, if you do not discover, on fuller reflection, that the course indicated by you, so far from conducing to this object, could only bring discredit on yourself, and on the great cause of which you have been so prominent a supporter.

I confess, Sir, that I entertain very little partiality for mere abstractions. Too frequently and fatally have they been wielded, both in Europe, and by our own pro-slavery Government: and too often have I seen their rise and fall, and their wide-spread and disastrous results, not to look at them now with suspicion and dread. "I have seen an end to" many *such* "perfections." "But His commandments are exceedingly broad." I turn from these "cisterns, *broken* cisterns, that can hold no water," and humbly seek to imbibe instruction at "the Fountain of Living Waters." Let us, my dear Sir, appeal to the Law, and to the Testimony. To law, as established in the law courts of all countries in Christendom, including our own. Thou shalt not do wrong, nor *agree* to do wrong. For no such agreement can, for a moment, bind thee to fulfil it. No matter how high, or how low, the parties may be; no matter whether the agreement be written or verbal—express or implied: no matter what motive prompted it, or what end may be pleaded in its justification—nothing of all this, can have the weight of a feather to avert, or suspend the sentence of the judge. It is a *wicked* agreement, and *therefore* cannot have an instant's force or validity. This is law,—the law of ages, *settled, admitted*, and *irreversible*,; not an abstraction, but a fact, a glorious fact, admitted everywhere without dispute, as it is indeed indisputable. Of such law, it may—humbly and reverently—but in the sublime language of Hooker, be well said, "that she hath her seat in the bosom of God. All things both in heaven and on earth, do her homage; the very least, as not beneath her protection and care; the greatest, as not exempt from her power."

It is true, that if disputed, we have to *prove* that it *is* an agreement to do wickedly. That we have already done, again and again. But we are prepared to meet the issue so directly and openly, as to convince the most incredulous. Let us be heard by our counsel at the Bar of Congress, and of the several Legislatures, with power to send for persons and papers, and to collect and collate the necessary evidence, and if we then do not make the rendition of the fugitive slave, appear an act of extreme wickedness, I, for one, pledge myself, never after, to say one word against the *guaranty* forsooth!

Thus far the argument addresses itself, with equal force, to the Christian and the Infidel. But the Christian has an additional obligation to fulfil, which, independently of all that has been adduced, is, and ought to be, sufficient to decide him. He finds in Scripture the positive command of the Divinity himself, NOT to return the fugitive to his master—and, without cavil or dispute, he sets himself joyfully to obey. Though the reason of the law may not be obvious to him at first, that circumstance will interpose no obstacle to his obedience. He is sure beforehand, that from the character of the Law-giver, goodness *must* be the motive. Nor will he be long in discovering, that if this Divine Law, was paramount in all of the States of this Union, for instance, Slavery would soon exist among us, in name only. What master would use his slave ill, if he were beforehand certain, that once escaped, he could never recover him? and where could the man *then* be found, ready to incur the awful responsibility of returning the fugitive to the vengeance of his enraged master—to the "killing, by inches," of the master of George Latimer?

In the express command of the Divinity, conjointly with the settled and unchangeable law of all Christendom, we have then a tower of strength—a ground of defence, from which it is impossible we can be driven. Why then choose inferior and doubtful issues? Why occupy and spend our strength on weaker positions? Why not make our entrenched camp *here*, where defence is impregnable; and whence assault must result in certain victory? Let us aim to elect to our Legislatures, those only, who will effectively clear *our* skirts of the vile clause in the Federal Compact. Let successful candidates refuse to swear, or affirm, without the proper qualification. Let us agitate, agitate, agitate the communities of the several States; petition, petition, petition—(not Congress)—but our own Legislatures, and give them no peace, no rest, until, by *open* and *effective* measures, they render us independent and clear of the guilty condition. Let this be done, and done effectually, and through all our struggles, looking to Him, whose smile will prosper the humblest exertions on the side of right, we may confidently await the issue, which can be neither remote nor uncertain. Respectfully,

P. SHAPTER.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

LETTER FROM A CAROLINIAN.

GENTLEMEN: A writer in your paper of Tuesday expresses his surprise at what he terms the "anomalous increase of population" in the States of Virginia and the Carolinas, which he is unable to reconcile with the ratio of increase in the other States. Having, since the publication of the census of 1840, given the subject much consideration, and come to what appears to me a satisfactory solution of the problem, I beg leave to submit it to your readers. His difficulty is this: from 1820 to 1830, the ratio of the increase of population in the above-named States was 13 to 15 per cent. while in the next decennial period, from 1830 to 1840, the ratio dwindles to a fraction over two per cent. In the other States where a diminution of the ratio is perceptible, it has taken place by regular gradations. Your correspondent calls this an anomaly; and, without expressing any doubt as to the correctness of the census, he wishes to see the fact accounted for, and reconciled with probability.

I attribute the sudden stoppage in the increase of population in Virginia and the Carolinas to the existence of Slavery, which is incompatible with density, where there is room for emigration. The ultimate point at which the increase of population in the slave States must stop, so long as a fertile territory lies beyond, is that at which all the tobacco and cotton or sugar lands have been brought under cultivation. If there is any increase beyond this point, it will be of the white population, as is the case in the mountain regions of the States to which I have referred. In Virginia there was a material diminution of the population east of the Blue Ridge, between 1830 and 1840, while there was an aggregate increase in the State. The increase belongs to the white population west of the mountains.

But why, your correspondent will ask, does this peculiarity attend the institution of Slavery? Why should population cease to increase after all the good lands are occupied and cultivated? I answer, first, because there can never be but one great interest, the agricultural, in a State or district where a half or more of the population are held in slavery; and consequently, after all the lands which can be profitably cultivated are cut down, the increase of the slave population beyond that point will become a burden to the soil. If, as is at present the case, there exists abundant unoccupied lands in the new States, the excess of labor in the old will of course be taken to them; but if no such outlet existed, the slaves would rapidly decline in value.

Any one who has travelled through the Southern States, must have been struck with the dearth of towns and villages, of trades and tradesmen, and must have seen that there is in fact but one interest, the agricultural. There is no room for mechanics, because there is no class to support them. The mass are slaves, and slaves have few wants. In the free States, while the mechanics find employment in the wants of all classes, they in turn furnish a market to the agriculturalist. Thus every augmentation of one class gives occupation and support to the increasing numbers of the other; and society goes on accumulating in wealth and numbers to an indefinite extent. But in the slave States there are no tradesmen, because there is no employment for them; and on the other hand, the planters have no market for the common products of the soil, as bread stuffs and the like, because there is but the one class in society; that is to say, themselves. Feeding slaves can give no encouragement to agriculture, unless they are bred for market; because if there existed no demand for their labor at home or abroad, the mere cultivation of the soil for the sake of supplying their wants, could profit the land proprietor nothing. It is otherwise with free labor: the free laborer and his family pay for what they eat; and their wants as properly constitute a market for the products of the soil, as do those of the merchant or physician. The very little encouragement which agriculture receives in Virginia and the Carolinas from the mere feeding of slaves which are exported, may benefit individuals, but it cannot enrich or people the country, in the nature of things. So far as those States are engaged in rearing slaves for the Southern market, it is, I believe, without an exception an unpremeditated thing on the part of individuals. The export of slaves results from the accumulation above the demand, and no one individual has undertaken the business of "slave-breeding" by premeditation, and as an occupation. When the slaves are removed to the Southwest, they are usually accompanied by their masters; and thus the State loses its citizens and their accumulated wealth at the same time.

But there is another impediment to the accumulation of wealth and population in the slave States much greater than the one to which I have adverted above. *Capital invested in slave property is unproductive.* Slavery serves to *appropriate* wealth, not to *produce* it. I will briefly illustrate this proposition. In the cotton-planting States it is generally estimated that an acre of good land will yield in a favorable season a bale of five hundred pounds of picked cotton. But for the purpose of my illustration the quantity is immaterial. It is also estimated that a negro man will cultivate ten acres in cotton, besides earning enough to support himself and horse; perhaps this estimate is high, but that is immaterial also. Ten men, then, will cultivate one hundred acres in cotton, and produce one hundred bales, besides making grain, &c. to support themselves. Suppose the land is worth twenty dollars per acre, and that the horses or cattle, together with agricultural utensils, are worth one thousand dollars; also, that the food and clothing of each slave is worth fifty dollars per annum, and the provender of the horses or mules may be worth two hundred more. Let the slaves be valued at six hundred dollars each. To cultivate one hundred acres of land in cotton, then, with slave labor, a man must possess six thousand dollars to buy the slaves, two thousand to buy the land, and one thousand seven hundred to buy the cattle and agricultural implements, and the food and clothing, and provender to keep them in motion. That is to say, he must have a capital of *nine thousand seven hundred dollars* to produce one hundred bales of cotton. To make the same product with free labor, it is only necessary to possess the land, the cattle, the implements, and food and provender for the men and cattle. The *wages* of agricultural labor are never paid until the end of the year, and for the obvious reason that the fruit of such labor cannot be sooner realized. Ten freemen could therefore be employed with no other ready capital than what would be necessary to feed them. They must clothe themselves out of the wages of the preceding year, or draw upon those of the present which are undue, and consequently the employer would only be compelled to advance them their food. The food of a freeman will not exceed the value of the food and clothing of a slave; so that in every respect the ready capital necessary in the employment of the two sorts of labor is equal, except the value of the slaves, which is consequently an unnecessary and unproductive investment.

It must not be supposed that I maintain that the employer of free labor in the case supposed will clear as much as he who employs slave labor: for such is not the case. The employer of free labor is under the necessity of paying out a large share of the proceeds of his crop as wages to the laborer; but the product is made, and society is enriched by it just as much as if he kept the wages of his laborers to himself. On the other hand, the employer of slave labor pockets the whole proceeds of the hundred bales, and has no wages to pay; but society is none the richer for that, and the product is no more than in the other case. It is clear, therefore, that *three thousand seven hundred dollars*, with free labor, will *produce* as much as *nine thousand seven hundred* with the use of slaves; and hence it follows that Slavery only serves, in the language of the economist, to *appropriate* wealth, not to *produce* it.

I have supposed that the labor of men alone is employed for convenience; but it is evident that the principle is the same, without reference to the sex or age of the laborer.

It would be easy to extend this illustration to the whole cotton crop of the country, which yearly averages about two millions of bales. If that crop were entirely cultivated by men slaves, worth, as above supposed, six hundred dollars each, their number, upon the above supposition as to the quantity per hand, would be two hundred thousand, and their value one hundred and twenty millions of dollars. The value of the land and other items, upon the above suppositions, would be seventy-six millions. To produce the cotton crop of the country, then, with slave labor, requires a capital of one hundred and ninety-six millions of dollars; with free labor, seventy-six millions would suffice.

It is the accumulation of the bulk of Southern capital in this unproductive shape which precludes any permanent prosperity. It is the characteristic of the Southern States to be settled rapidly, come to a sudden maturity, and then decline. Already has old age overtaken Virginia and the Carolinas, while Alabama and Mississippi have nearly reached the point at which their people and their accumulated wealth will begin to migrate further West. It is probable that up to the period of the next census their population will continue rapidly to increase; but, after that time, I shall expect to witness the same stagnation in those States which is now so painfully palpable in the older Atlantic States. It is on this principle, which I have attempted to illustrate above, that I anticipate a considerable falling off from Mr. ELLSWORTH'S calculation of the increase of population in Georgia, though Georgia is a large State, and her population has not reached the density which exists in the Carolinas and Virginia.

If I had not already extended my remarks too far, I would undertake to show the reason why agricultural improvement is impracticable in the slave regions—that the tendency is to deteriorate the lands instead of improving them, and that this retrograde motion is not chargeable to the indolence of the people, as is generally supposed, but that it is an inevitable attendant of Slavery. I am, respectfully,

A CAROLINIAN.

From the Liberator.

NARRATIVE OF FREDERIC DOUGLAS.

This long-desired narrative is now presented to the public, in a neat volume, occupying one hundred and twenty-five pages. It was written entirely by Mr. Douglas, and reveals all the facts in regard to his birthplace,—the names of his mother, master, overseer, &c. &c. It cannot fail to produce a great sensation wherever it may happen to circulate, especially among the slavocracy. The edition is going off rapidly. The following extracts will enable the reader to appreciate its spirit and power; others we shall give in future numbers of the Liberator.

Mr. Douglas was born in Tuckahoe, about twelve miles from Easton, in Talbot county, Maryland, and is now in his twenty-eighth year. His father was a white man; his mother (whom he never saw more than four or five times) died when he was quite young. He had two masters—the first one acted as a clerk and superintendent on the home plantation of Col. Lloyd, a very wealthy slaveholder. He describes that plantation in the following thrilling manner:

"The home plantation of Colonel Lloyd wore the appearance of a country village. All the mechanical operations for all the farms were performed here. The shoemaking and mending, the blacksmithing, cartwrighting, coopering, weaving, and grain-grinding, were all performed by the slaves on the home plantation. The whole place wore a business-like aspect, very unlike the neighboring farms. The number of houses, too, conspired to give it advantage over the neighboring farms. It was called by the slaves the *Great House Farm.* Few privileges were esteemed higher, by the slaves of the out-farms, than that of being selected to do errands at the Great House Farm. It was associated in their minds with greatness. A representative could not be prouder of his election to a seat in the American Congress, than a slave on one of the out-farms would be of his election to do errands at the Great House Farm. They regarded it as evidence of great confidence reposed in them by their overseers; and it was on this account, as well as a constant desire to be out of the field from under the driver's lash, that they esteemed it a high privilege, one worth careful living for. He was called the smartest and most trustworthy fellow who had this honor conferred upon him the most frequently. The competitors for this office sought as diligently to please their overseers, as the office-seekers in the political parties seek to please and deceive the people. The same traits of character might be seen in Col. Lloyd's slaves, as are seen in the slaves of the political parties.

"The slaves selected to go to the Great House Farm, for the monthly allowance for themselves and their fellow-slaves, were peculiarly enthusiastic. While on their way, they would make the dense old woods, for miles around, reverberate with their wild songs, revealing at once the highest joy and the deepest sadness. They would compose and sing as they went along, consulting neither time nor tune. The thought that came up, came out—if not in the word, in the sound;—and as frequently in the one as in the other. They would sometimes sing the most pathetic sentiment in the most rapturous tone, and the most rapturous sentiment in the most pathetic tone. Into all of their songs they would manage to weave

something of the Great House Farm. Especially would they do this when leaving home. They would then sing most exultingly the following words:

'I am going away to the Great House Farm!
O, yea! O, yea! O".

This they would sing, as a chorus, to words which to many would seem unmeaning jargon, but which, nevertheless, were full of meaning to themselves. I have sometimes thought that the mere hearing of those songs would do more to impress some minds with the horrible character of Slavery, than the reading of whole volumes of philosophy on the subject could do.

"I did not, when a slave, understand the deep meaning of those rude and apparently incoherent songs. I was myself within the circle; so that I neither saw nor heard as those without might see and hear. They told a tale of wo which was then altogether beyond my feeble comprehension, they were tones loud, long, and deep; they breathed the prayer and complaint of souls boiling over with the bitterest anguish. Every tone was a testimony against Slavery, and a prayer to God for deliverance from chains. The hearing of those wild notes always depressed my spirit, and filled me with ineffable sadness. I have frequently found myself in tears while hearing them. The mere recurrence to those songs, even now affects me; and while I am writing these lines, an expression of feeling has already found its way down my cheek. To those songs I trace my first glimmering conception of the dehumanizing character of Slavery. I can never get rid of that conception. Those songs still follow me, to deepen my hatred of Slavery, and quicken my sympathies for my brethren in bonds. If any one wishes to be impressed with the soul-killing effects of Slavery, let him go to Col. Lloyd's plantation, and, on allowance-day, place himself in the deep pine woods, and there let him, in silence, analyze the sounds that shall pass through the chambers of his soul,—and if he is not thus impressed, it will only be because 'there is no flesh in his obdurate heart.'

"I have been utterly astonished, since I came to the North, to find persons who could speak of the singing, among slaves, as evidence of their contentment and happiness. It is impossible to conceive of a greater mistake. Slaves sing most when they are most unhappy. The songs of the slave represent the sorrows of his heart; and he is relieved by them only as an aching heart is relieved by its tears. At least, such is my experience. I have often sung to drown my sorrow, but seldom to express my happiness. Crying for joy, and singing for joy, where alike uncommon to me while in the jaws of Slavery. The singing of a man cast away upon a desolate island might be as appropriately considered as evidence of contentment and happiness, as the singing of a slave; the songs of the one and of the other are prompted by the same emotion."

So much for the songs of the enslaved—so much for their happy and contented lot!

Frederic was sent when between seven and eight years old, to live with a Mr. Auld, in the city of Baltimore. The way in which his youthful mind became inflamed with a desire to learn how to read, is thus stated by him:

"Very soon after I went to live with Mr. and Mrs. Auld, she very kindly commenced to teach me the A, B, C. After I had learned this, she assisted me in learning to spell words of three or four letters. Just at this point of my progress, Mr. Auld found out what was going on, and at once forbade Mrs. Auld to instruct me further, telling her, among other things, that it was unlawful, as well as unsafe, to teach a slave to read. To use his own words, further, he said, 'if you give a nigger an inch, he will take an ell. A nigger should know nothing but to obey his master—to do as he is told to do. Learning would *spoil* the best nigger in the world. Now,' said he, 'if you teach that nigger (speaking of myself) how to read, there would be no keeping him. It would forever unfit him to be a slave. He would at once become unmanageable, and of no value to his master. As to himself, it could do him no good, but a great deal of harm. It would make him discontented and unhappy.' These words sank deep into my heart, stirred up sentiments within that lay slumbering, and called into existence an entirely new train of thought. It was a new and special revelation, explaining dark and mysterious things, with which my youthful understanding had struggled, but struggled in vain. I now understood what had been to me a most perplexing difficulty—to wit, the white man's power to enslave the black man. It was a grand achievement, and I prized it highly. From that moment I understood the pathway from Slavery to Freedom. It was just what I wanted, and I got it at the time I the least expected it. Whilst I was saddened by the thought of losing the aid of my kind mistress, I was gladdened by the invaluable instruction which, by the merest accident, I had gained from my master. Though conscious of the difficulty of learning without a teacher, I set out with a high hope and a fixed purpose, at whatever cost of trouble, to learn how to read. The very decided manner with which he spoke, and strove to impress his wife with the evil consequences of giving me instruction, served to convince me that he was deeply sensible of the truths he was uttering. It gave me the best assurance that I might rely with the utmost confidence on the results which, he said, would flow from teaching me to read. What he most dreaded, that I most desired. What he most loved, that I most hated. That which to him was a great evil, to be carefully shunned, was to me a great good, to be diligently sought; and the argument which he so warmly urged, against my learning to read, only served to inspire me with a desire and determination to learn. In learning to read, I owe almost as much to the bitter opposition of my master, as to the kindly aid of my mistress. I acknowledge the benefit of both.

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"From this time I was most narrowly watched. If I was in a separate room any considerable length of time, I was sure to be suspected of having a book, and was at once called to give an account of myself. All this, however, was too late. The first step had been taken. Mistress, in teaching me the alphabet, had given me the *inch*, and no precaution could prevent me from taking the *ell*.

"The plan which I adopted, and the one by which I was most successful, was that of making friends of all the little white boys whom I met in the street. As many of these as I could, I converted into teachers. With their kindly aid, obtained at different times and in different places, I finally succeeded in learning to read. When I was sent of errands, I always took my book with me, and by going one part of my errand quickly, I found time to get a lesson before my return. I used also to carry bread with me, enough of which was always in the house, and to which I was always welcome; for I was much better off in this regard than many of the poor white children in our neighborhood. This bread I used to bestow upon the hungry little urchins, who, in return, would give me that more valuable bread of knowledge. I am strongly tempted to give the names of two or three of those little boys, as a testimonial of the gratitude and affection I bear them—but prudence forbids; not that it would injure me, but it might embarrass them; for it is almost an unpardonable offence to teach slaves to read in this Christian country. It is enough to say of the dear little fellows that they live on Philpot-street, near Durgin and Bailey's ship-yard. I used to talk this matter of Slavery over with them. I would sometimes say to them, I wish I could be as free as they would be when they got to be men. 'You will be free as soon as you are twenty-one, *but I am a slave for life!* Have not I as good a right to be free as you have?' These words used to trouble them; they would express for me the liveliest sympathy, and console me with the hope that something would occur by which I might be free.

"I was now about twelve years old, and the thought of being *a slave for life* began to bear heavily upon my heart. Just about this time I got hold of a book entitled "The Columbian Orator." Every opportunity I got, I used to read this book. Among much of other interesting matter, I found in it a dialogue between a master and his slave. The slave is represented as having run away from his master three times. The dialogue represented the conversation which took place between them, when the slave was retaken the third time. In this dialogue the whole argument in behalf of Slavery was brought forward by the master, all of which was disposed of by the slave. The slave was made to say some very smart as well as impressive things in reply to his master—things which had the desired though unexpected effect; for the conversation resulted in the voluntary emancipation of the slave on the part of the master.

"In the same book I met with one of Sheridan's mighty speeches on and in behalf of Catholic Emancipation. These were choice documents to me. I read them over and over and over again with unabated interest. They gave tongue to interesting thoughts of my own soul, which had frequently flashed through my own mind, and died away for want of utterance. The moral which I gained from the dialogue was the power of truth over the conscience of even a slaveholder. What I got from Sheridan was a bold denunciation of Slavery, and a powerful vindication of human rights. The reading of these documents enabled me to utter my thoughts, and to meet the arguments brought forward to sustain Slavery; but while they relieved me of one difficulty, they brought on another even more painful than the one of which I was relieved. The more I read, the more I was led to detest and abhor my enslavers. I could regard them in no other light than a band of successful robbers, who had left their homes, and gone to Africa, and stolen us from our homes, and in a strange land reduced us to slavery. I loathed them as being the meanest as well as the most wicked of men. As I read and contemplated the subject, behold! that very discontentment which Master Hugh had predicted would follow my learning to read, had already come, to torment and sting my soul to unutterable anguish. As I writhed under it, I would at times feel that learning to read had been a curse rather than a blessing. It had given me a view of my wretched condition without the remedy. It opened my eyes to the horrible pit, but to no ladder upon which to get out. In moments of agony I envied my fellow-slaves for their stupidity. I have often wished myself a beast. I preferred the condition of the meanest reptile to my own. Anything, no matter what, to get rid of thinking! *It was this everlasting thinking of my condition that tormented me.* There was no getting rid of it. It was pressed upon me by every object within sight or hearing, animate, or inanimate. The silver trump of freedom had roused my soul to eternal wakefulness. Freedom now appeared to disappear no more forever. It was heard in every sound, and seen in everything. It was ever present to torment me with a sense of my wretched condition. I saw nothing without seeing it, I heard nothing without hearing it, and felt nothing without feeling it. It looked from every star, it smiled in every calm, breathed in every wind, and moved in every storm."

Great God! how awful is the pressure brought to bear upon the human intellect and heart by Slavery! What a lifting of the veil is this, to convince the sceptical that it is impossible to exaggerate the horrors and enormities of that impious system!

We regret that we have not room for more copious extracts; but these, we are sure, will serve to excite a lively desire in all quarters to possess a copy of this extraordinary volume. It is for sale at 25 Cornhill. Price 50 cents. Accompanying it is a finely executed and admirable likeness of the author.

A Presbyterian (Old School) Anti-Slavery Convention organized in Cincinnati on the day the General Assembly convened. On the 15th, a memorial to the General Assembly was recommitted for some verbal alterations.

The clerk read a resolution, declaring the course of the Assembly in past years, acknowledging Slavery to be an evil, and yet keeping slaveholders in fellowship, to involve many of the principles by which the scriptures designate the man of sin.

The resolution was adopted.

The second resolution declared that the Convention had no disposition to secede from the Presbyterian Church, yet recognized the possibility of a secession being made necessary by a persevering adherence to slaveholders on the part of the Assembly.

Rev. Mr. Dickey feared the allusion to secession. He did not believe in withdrawing from the Presbyterian Church, but it might become necessary to forsake the General Assembly, which, though he had no objection to it, he did not consider a necessary part of the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Dr. Crothers was not in favor of secession. He had no objection to the Assembly if they would not be composed in part of—he must say it—men-stealers—for men-stealers they are. The man who steals his neighbor's dog is a dog-stealer—he who steals a horse is a horse-stealer—he who steals his neighbor's wife and child is a man-stealer.

The resolution was adopted, and the Convention adjourned for the day.—*Sun.*

Communications.

Thomas Clarkson.

We hasten to insert the following, the communication alluded to in our last, from the indefatigable Clarkson. May its features of the sad condition of the colored race in Africa, not only excite sympathy for them, but also for those who suffer the same things at the hands of brother Americans in this lawful home of the oppressed—the United States. No Missionary who should undertake to Christianize our Louisiana and Virginia slave-traders, would be permitted to live.—c.

REVIEW

Of the Rev. T. B. Freeman's Journals: with Remarks on the Present Situation of Africa, and its Spiritual Prospects.

The public have been made acquainted for so many years with the unparalleled sufferings of the children of Africa in consequence of the Slave-Trade, that it would be superfluous to bring under notice all its distressing features again; but it will not accord with my present design, were I to omit all mention of them. Suffice it then to say, on this part of the subject, that the inhabitants of Africa live under *constant alarm* and in *continual consternation*, day and night, from the fear of being seized and taken by force, and their families broken up and sent into the hold of a slave-ship; so that in many parts of Africa they seldom, in the smaller villages, cultivate their little spots or gardens without their bows and arrows lying by their side. Now is this living as it was originally intended that we should live? Is it not rather living under constant sentence of death, or in the constant expectation of some dreadful calamity? But when the expected calamity arrives, and the poor victims are hurried for sale to the shore, what must be the agony of mind arising from separation, the wife being sold to one purchaser, the husband to a second, and the children to a third? And what must be their dread of a future unknown existence in a distant land? And here, let me not forget their wounds and sufferings in the cruel wars, which are made purposely to get possession of their persons; or the hunger and thirst, fatigue, sickness, and lingering death, which take place while driven by goads and whips through the woods and burning deserts, and sinking under the weight of ivory and other heavy goods, which their hard-hearted buyers force them to bear on their shoulders to the shore.

These are some of the miseries which the natives of Africa endure in their own country, in consequence of the Slave-Trade. Would to God that they were not subjected to others which have a still more unhappy influence on their character as well as their peace of mind! They are bound tight in the trammels of the vilest superstitions, which leave them entirely under the dominion of Satan, who tosses them to and fro at his pleasure. They have, like other Heathens, their divinities whom they worship; but they pay special regard to those who are reputed to be the most malignant, with a view to turn away their wrath. They worship also animals; some the tiger, others the boa-constrictor or snake. They have likewise their amulets or charms, pieces of well-wrought leather, enclosing Arabic characters, which they wear about their necks or bodies, to secure them against wounds and death in war, or against men-stealers when they go on a journey, or against the prevalent disorders. But the most extraordinary among their superstitions is, that *undefinable* offering (sacrificial offering) called "Fetish!" This may be a piece of stone or a piece of paper wrapped up in a curious manner, or a piece of string folded up in a particular form, or an egg, and is an oblation to turn away any expected calamity. I have never yet seen any man from Africa who could give me a clear account of what was meant by "Fetish," only that it is universally believed that the Fetish Man has secret communication with the native deities on certain occasions. But there is another superstition more frightful and detestable in its effects than any other. It is the universal belief that the natives, after death, go into what they paint to themselves as a Paradise, with the *same bodies* as *when alive*, and that they require, therefore, the same food to sustain them, and the same attendants to wait upon them, as when living. Thus, when a poor man dies, a few head of poultry or a sheep are buried with him in the same grave; but when a King, or Chief, or Head Man dies, the sacrifice is enlarged according to the means of the deceased. A few fowls will now no longer suffice; one or more, or many human victims must bleed to complete the obsequies. These generally consist of his own slaves, who waited upon him when living. There is no limitation as to the number of these victims. Neither age, nor sex, nor beauty, nor intellect, are spared. They are led alike to the death-stool, and their heads are severed from their bodies.

Mr. Freeman states, that, when he was at Quissh, "a sister of Korinchi died. Her death was announced by the firing of muskets, &c. When an Ashanti of any distinction dies, several slaves of the deceased are sacrificed. As I walked out early in the morning, I saw the mangled corpse of a poor female slave, who had been beheaded during the night, lying in the public street. In the course of the day, I saw groups of the natives dancing round this victim with numerous frantic gestures, &c. My interpreter informed me, that he saw afterwards the mangled trunk lying in a ditch, and that at the time she was beheaded, she was in the prime of her days." Within less than a fortnight afterwards, Mr. Freeman reports another human being to have been sacrificed on account of the death of a person of rank. "As I was going out of town," says he, "in the cool of the evening, I saw the poor creature lying on the ground. The head was severed from the body, and lying at a short distance from it. Several large turkey-buzzards were feeding on the wounds, and rolling the head in the dust. He appeared to be about eighteen years of age."

Soon after this Mr. Freeman went to Kumasi, the capital of Ashanti. In his notes on April 5th, we find the following:—"Throughout the day we heard the horrid sound of the death-drum; and were told in the evening that about twenty-five human victims had been sacrificed, some in the town, and some in the surrounding villages; the heads of those killed in the villages being brought into the town in baskets. I fear there will be more of this awful work to-morrow." Mr. Freeman adds, that, besides the twenty-five sacrificed on this day, fifteen others, according to his fears, were sacrificed on the next; making, in all, forty victims in two days. As for the number of persons thus immolated in a year, no man can tell; but it must exceed all our calculations. Mr. East has lately published a valuable book, called, "A History of Western Africa, made up faithfully from the Books of earlier Travellers on that Continent." We recommend it as worthy of the most serious attention at this particular time. We may gather from it some important information on this subject. "At the death of Adahunzen, one of the Princes of Dahomi, two hundred and eighty of his wives fell as victims to the sanguinary superstition of the country." On one occasion, no fewer than seven hundred persons were sacrificed at the grave of the King's mother. In the kingdom of Ashanti, at the conclusion of the Gaman war, itself full of horror and bloodshed, two thousand wretched victims, selected from the prisoners taken in the contest, were slaughtered over the royal death-stool, in honor of the *shades of departed Kings and heroes.* When Osai Quamina died, the funeral custom was repeated every week for three months, two hundred slaves being sacrificed, and twenty-five barrels of powder being fired, on each occasion: but when the King's brother died, during the invasion of the Fantis, the King devoted three thousand victims, two thousand of whom were Fanti prisoners; and nearly one thousand more were furnished by various towns; making in the whole, about four thousand human beings who perished at the grave of this royal personage. Such is the account given of the customs of two countries only in Africa,—Dahomi and Ashanti. Now, when we take into consideration the immense extent of that continent, and its almost innumerable divisions into kingdoms, tribes, and chieftainships, in each of which hundreds are annually dying, at whose death human sacrifices are required; and that there are other occasions for such sort of sacrifices, such as on victories, festival, and Fetish-days, &c.; shall I say, that not less than one hundred thousand, or even more, most of them young, and in the prime of life, are slaughtered annually as victims to this bloody superstition, without one pitying soul, but, on the other hand, amidst the wild and frantic joys of an ignorant and brutal people?

I have now exposed the two great evils which afflict Africa, *in consequence of the Slave-Trade* and her own superstitions. I think I have said enough on the former subject to affect even the hardest heart. Indeed, it does not fall within the conception of the largest minds, to paint in their true colors all the sufferings which the poor African undergoes, from the time of his capture in his own country, to the time of his death when in the hands of his oppressors in a foreign land. With respect to their superstitions, they are still more to be deplored, because they affect the moral character of the man and his eternal welfare. O, how much are these poor people to be pitied, for they have never had the advantage of any superior light to guide them to the path of duty! These superstitions operate as a bar to their liberty of action; for a poor native dares hardly stir out of doors, or engage in any undertaking, without consulting the *Fetish*; but, what is worse, they debase the mind, and keep it in continual error. Who could think that the mind of man, with its vast powers, could ever have been brought into such a state of moral degradation, as in his various adversities to have sought consolation in a twisted piece of string, or an amulet of leather? But this is nothing compared with the effects which the bloody sacrificial superstitions just mentioned have upon the minds of the natives; for these have the effect of shutting up all the avenues to humanity, and leaving the man a monster.

Now, is there any man, bearing the name of a Christian, who would not rejoice with all his heart to see both these evils annihilated? And it is a providential circumstance, that that which would be a complete cure for one of them, would be at the same time a complete cure for the other. That cure will be found in the glorious Gospel of Christ. No man can doubt, that when a native of Africa becomes a real Christian, he will have nothing more to do with the iniquities of the Slave-Trade, or with those superstitions which deprive an innocent man of his life, and send him to his great account in an unprepared state. The Gospel, then, can and will effect a cure for all these enormities. Did it not, in the days of the Apostles, do away with all the wicked customs and superstitions of the Heathen, which were as deeply rooted and injurious as those of the Africans at the present day? Did it not do away with similar prejudices and superstitions in the South Seas, under the lamented martyr, Williams? And shall Africa be the only country which will not attend to the Missionary's voice? But it not only has been and is a cure for these evils, but it is *the only remedy* that can reach them. How many amiable persons in this country have had their plans for the regeneration of this great continent, and all have failed! Have we not had treaties with almost all the great Powers of the world? Have we not had our armed cruisers, and all to no effect? Have we not had the Niger Expedition? but it failed also.

Yes, the Gospel can annihilate all these obstacles to civilization; and it has already begun its work. Whoever will read the Journal of Mr. Freeman, a devoted missionary of the Wesleyan body to the Gold-Coast, and lately returned from thence, and connect with it *certain events* which began to take place in 1791, at Sierra Leone, and which have since taken place there and elsewhere, must discover that the finger of God has been, and is now, at work for the regeneration of Africa. I allude, as the first of these events, to the formation of that colony. Its object was to colonize a small portion of the coast of Africa. The settlers were to try to establish a new commerce, to put down the Slave-Trade there, and to promote cultivation by free labor, and to give an example of civilized life. Now, who could have thought that a plan embracing only the small tract of Sierra Leone and its neighborhood, should have laid the foundation for, and proved the means of, sending the Gospel throughout all Africa? Yet so it has been, as the following circumstances will show. First, our Government resolved, some years ago, to capture all slave-ships, under certain limitations. They resolved, next, that the people captured in them should be sent to Sierra Leone. In consequence of this last resolution, thousands of negroes were landed there. This brought on the necessity of giving land to the captured, and of building for them places of worship, villages, and schools. It was soon found that many of those who attended these schools gave such proofs of fine talents, and made such proficiency in the knowledge of the holy Scriptures, and conducted themselves in such an exemplary manner as Christians, that a selection might be made from them to serve as ministers of the Gospel in their native land. Accordingly, two colleges have been founded for this purpose, which will be perpetual seminaries for the education of native missionaries.

And now mark the providence of God in another respect, as relates to the spread of his Gospel in Africa. Looking back to past events, we find that to send the accustomed missionaries, Europeans, or white men to Africa to preach the word, was only to send them to an early grave: and when we consider that the pious men who died in this heavenly cause would have to be replaced by other pious men, whom the climate would take off also; we cannot contemplate this waste of valuable life without the keenest sorrow. Now the missionaries from the colleges are all seasoned men; and we cannot, therefore, expect such a calamity in future. Did the original founders of this Colony, of whom I was one, anticipate such a change? Did our Government believe, that, in coming to their several resolutions, they were executing a divine purpose? Who then brought about this desirable change?

We have another indication which may lead us to believe that God wills the regeneration of Africa, and that his hand has been at work for this purpose in the great Act of Emancipation. Before this act took place, many of the slaves in the West Indies, having, while in a state of slavery, received a religious education from the Wesleyan, and particularly the Baptist, Societies, and having led a pious life, so as to have been appointed to offices in their respective churches, came to the extraordinary resolution, after emancipation, in consequence of the blessings they themselves had received from the Gospel, *to spread it personally in their father-land.* This germ of missionary feeling in our colonies has so spread, that a large missionary fund has been raised among them, and a college built to be *a constant nursery for proper teachers* of the Gospel in Africa. Now all these are seasoned persons, and some of them speak their native languages. Thus we have in Jamaica also a seminary established, in addition to those at Sierra Leone, to meet the objection of the loss of valuable life, and to hasten the Redeemer's kingdom. If the finger of God, and the manifestation of his good-will to injured Africa, be not visible here, I know not where it is. I may now observe, that several of these colored teachers have already been landed at Fernando Po, from whence in a few hours they may be conveyed to the different villages on the Niger, to teach the natives there, while the Wesleyan Mission is teaching the Gospel in other parts of Africa.

But, to give another instance of the apparent design of God to send the Gospel to Africa, I must return to Mr. Freeman's Journal. It appears that large numbers of liberated Africans, located and educated in Sierra Leone, had been desirous at different times, of going into the interior, in quest of their relatives and friends, from whom they had been torn by the slave-dealers. Accordingly they took their departure; and, after meeting with many difficulties, at length reached their country, and found many of their relations, who were still alive. Mr. Freeman, some time after this, visited Badagry, and fell in with several of these fugitives. Some he found at Badagry; others, in other parts; but the greater body of them, at Abokuta. But in what state did he find them? To his joy, he found them retaining all the Christian doctrines in which they had been instructed at Sierra Leone. What a discovery was this! Here was a large body of men, who, having made new connexions in that part of the country, were able and willing to assist him as teachers and preachers of the Gospel. These men had conducted themselves so well, in consequence of their Christian education at Sierra Leone, that Sodaka, King of Abokuta, gave them the exclusive privilege of coming into his presence without prostrating themselves upon the ground. The King also had several interviews with Mr. Freeman himself, received him every time with courtesy, and entreated him to send missionaries to his country to instruct his people, which missionaries would have every encouragement and protection. Here, then, a wide field was laid open for new missionary labor, not only in Sodaka's dominions, but there was a fair prospect of extending it beyond these; to Hausa, Yariba, and other parts of the adjacent countries. But the good to be derived from Mr. Freeman's visit to Sodaka did not end here; for a way was prepared, in consequence of this visit, to the Court of Dahomi, one of the largest on the list of kingdom's in Africa. Here the King gave him a polite reception, and, before the last interview closed, said, that he acquiesced with the British Parliament in repairing the fort at Whydah, and appointed that place to be the seat of missionary schools and preaching, and intrusted four children of his household, two boys and two girls, to Mr. Freeman, to take them away with him and to educate them in the English manner. Now, I would ask here, who or what brought about the wonderful things now related, all of them tending to promote the evangelization of Africa? They arose, all of them, as we have seen, from the simple desire of some liberated slaves at Sierra Leone to visit their relations and friends. Thus God often makes the most common occurrences subservient to good. One thing is clear, that *man* could not have brought about these events. Who could have supposed that these liberated slaves, once on the ocean in the way to their chains in a foreign land, should have been captured, and brought to Sierra Leone; and, after having been educated there in the doctrines of the Gospel, should have been restored to their homes, there to communicate the glad tidings to their countrymen? Who contrived that Mr. Freeman should take the exact road, and set out at the exact time, so as to fall in with a body of men whom he could afterwards make so useful to him in the ministry? And, finally, I may ask, who turned the heart of the King of Dahomi, said to be one of the hardest-hearted Kings of Africa, that he should listen to a message of love and mercy?

I must not forget to mention here the fact, (though out of its place in point of time,) that Mr. Freeman, before he had obtained the numerous victories now related, over the prejudices of the African people, had gained over the King of Ashanti and his courtiers to his cause, in consequence of which the extensive dominions of that monarch were opened to his ministry; and land at Kumasi, the place of his own residence, had been granted to him, on which to erect a missionary house, and such other buildings as he might want. These buildings have been finished. Here then the missionaries meet at stated times in the week, to perform divine worship; and several of the natives attend also, accompanied occasionally by some of their Chiefs, and conduct themselves in a decorous manner. On one occasion a singular circumstance took place. One of the members of the royal family who had attended the religious services, became so affected, that he publicly destroyed his fetish in the street of Kumasi; and it was remarkable, that no one raised a murmur on the occurrence. No indication of anger appeared at this act of sacrilege. A fetish, a god, destroyed, and the people acquiesce! O, glorious victory! The first victory ever gained in Ashanti over superstition! A few years back, I know, that if an Ashanti trod upon a fetish, concealed in the pathway in the long grass, even if he trod upon it *unknowingly* or *unawares*, he was sentenced, as a punishment, to perpetual slavery.

It is impossible, I think, after having read Mr. Freeman's Journal, not to acknowledge, with gratitude to God, the wonderful things which He has done for the poor, benighted, long-lost children of the African race; and not to see that God has been with him in his various undertakings, and not to discern (what it is of great importance for us to know) that the way is now at this moment open for Christian missions to Africa, under the Divine sanction, and under the hope of the *Divine blessing.* Mr. Freeman's good sense, his judgment, his patience and courage under trials, his equanimity of temper, so as not to have given offence to any one of the natives during his stay among them, are great qualifications in a missionary, and seem in this case to have been consecrated; so that I cannot but consider him as *a person called*, a chosen vessel for the purpose for which he was sent. But what, I ask, is, among others, the lesson which his Journal holds out to us? It is, that *now* is the *accepted* time, for following up Mr. Freeman's mission to Africa. The opportunity ought not to be allowed to slip, while African opinion throughout so large an extent of country is in favor of reformation. Mr. Freeman was frequently assailed by the natives with the cry of, "Give us the Gospel," and with an earnestness as if the Gospel contained the Bread of Life. Forty children were on one occasion offered him for instruction in his own way; but he was not then prepared to take them. And here we ought to bring to our recollection, that in many of the missionary stations in other parts of the world, the natives have opposed the attempts made to civilize them; and I have read that pains were taken with the inhabitants of one particular Island for twenty years, before any impression could be made upon them. But here in Africa, in particular parts of it, *an invitation* is sent to us to come; and we have nothing to do but to go there and avail ourselves of it. Should we not be criminal, if we were not to accept it?

But though the splendid victories effected by the instrumentality of Mr. Freeman over African customs and prejudices, which followed him from place to place, and which presented such brilliant prospects for the introduction of Christianity in the parts mentioned, gave the Wesleyan Committee an exuberance of joy, yet there was a considerable drawback in the feeling, lest their funds should not be large enough to support so *many new missions.* They had hitherto, but not without great exertion, kept up their establishments in the kingdom of Ashanti, and in the numerous villages all along the shores of the Gold-Coast, extending some hundred miles, and in other parts. But to have now *suddenly and unexpectedly* to prepare several other missions to new parts of Africa, discovered by Mr. Freeman to be friendly to the reception of the Gospel, such as to Abokuta, containing of itself from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants, and to Hausa, and Yariba, and the Ibu country, and to Badagry, and Whydah, and other places, seemed to them too gigantic a work for their means; and yet they felt that it was impossible for them, as Christians, to neglect the opening which Providence had so clearly pointed out to them. They determined, therefore, as I am told, arduous as the task was, *to try, at least*, to raise funds for the purpose, having a hope, that God would open the hearts of many, when they should hear of the case, to assist them; and I cannot myself doubt, that many Christian people will think it to be an honor to work with God on this occasion. But God forbid, that in recommending the completion of this mission to all the friends of Africa, as I most certainly do, I should draw off one subscriber from the Church Missionary, or Baptist, or any other societies of the same sort; for these have all done, and are now doing, their duty. There can be no occasion for this: for there are thousands who do not subscribe to any missionary society at all, whom it would not hurt to give a mite to the one now under consideration; and there are thousands again, who do subscribe to one or more missionary societies, of such ample fortune, that it would not injure them to subscribe to all.

I do, then, most earnestly recommend Mr. Freeman's Journal, and the *completion of the Wesleyan* Society's Mission, so happily begun, to all the friends of Africa, in fact, to all who call themselves Abolitionists, to whom it is of no little importance. I feel myself more interested in doing this than perhaps any other person, having been *the first in England* to take up the great cause of the abolition of the Slave-Trade, and having labored in it, with but little intermission, for now more than sixty years. I cannot, therefore, be supposed to be indifferent to any event which may either hasten or retard its progress. Now, unhappily, this inhuman trade, notwithstanding all our labors, still continues to be carried on, but only by the most profligate and abandoned ruffians of foreign nations. It is, therefore, to me, and of course to *all other Abolitionists*, a matter of delightful feeling to know, that while this mission is fulfilling its *primary duty* of making known the glad tidings to African Heathens within the bounds of its station, it *neglects no opportunity* with the natives, but principally with the Head-men and Chiefs, to put an end to the monstrous evil complained of. No man has such, or so many, opportunities of effecting a change of opinion as a missionary, who is always on the spot, and whose words are always attended to by the hearers. What good has Mr. Freeman not done in this respect, at the court of Ashanti? Whoever reads the conversation which passed between him and the King on the Slave-Trade, must allow that the King received him most graciously, listened to him with profound attention, and was evidently much impressed by what he said on that subject,—dismissing him with a smile upon his face. And whoever reads the account of Mr. Freeman's interview with the King of Dahomi on the same subject,—perhaps the proudest and most tyrannical King in all Africa, and whose revenues are derived principally from the Slave-Trade,—will be surprised at the King's kind and familiar reception of him, and at the patience and good temper with which he heard him throughout. Mr. Freeman, by laying his mission frankly and unreservedly before the King, has done good service to our cause, because the King was evidently much pleased with this interview; for, when Mr. Freeman took his departure, the King offered, as has been before related, the villages in the neighborhood of Whydah as a place for a mission-house and school; and intrusted him with four children of his household, for education in the English manner.

And here I must mention an important fact; which is, that the mission to Badagry, which Mr. Freeman recommended to the Wesleyan Committee, has already, in so short a time, been completed. A mission-house and schools, and other necessary buildings, have already been erected; and a pastor, the Rev. S. Annear, has been appointed to the charge, and thirty-eight children have been placed under his care. No spot on the face of the earth stands more in need of reformation than Badagry. The inhabitants there are in the very lowest state of degradation,—without principle, without law, and without any other religion than the Fetish superstition; living almost wholly by the Slave-Trade, which a few Portuguese, living among them, encourage. Mr. Annear found three or four of the more enlightened Chiefs friendly to the abolition of the Slave-Trade, and without this concurrence, he could never have kept his ground amidst such a ruffian population. By their means, however, he has caused to be made known, what was never before known in Badagry, that man-stealing is a crime against God; and that every good man in the civilized world holds it in abhorrence. This, however impotent the threat may seem, has given some little check to depredations of this sort. One of the Chiefs, Wawu, also sent his crier through Badagry, to proclaim, that "if any of the Portuguese people," (who are the great instigators to the natives to kidnap the unwary,) "came into the English town, they were to abide by the consequence; and that, if they were beaten and stolen themselves, he would not be answerable." This created a great sensation throughout the town, and was not without its use. An occurrence took place much about this time, which may be noticed here. Several vessels, apparently Portuguese slavers, as had long been the custom, came close to the beach, as though they intended to anchor, to wait for such poor wretches as might be brought to them for sale; but when the English colors were hoisted at the mission-premises,—a new expedient to get rid of them,—they took their departure. These little beginnings, though too small to have any great effect in diminishing the quantum of the Slave-Trade, have yet an influence upon the people of the places where they are made. The Abolitionists of England must now see that they are more deeply interested in the mission under consideration than they were aware of. They need give themselves no further trouble, either in calling public meetings, or in devising measures for the suppression of the Slave-Trade. The mission is doing for them here their own work, as far as the vast territory belonging to it goes; and doing it for them better than they could do it themselves; for the missionaries have daily opportunities of conversing with the natives on the spot,—of explaining to them the horrible nature of the trade, and its effect,—of reasoning with them, and of exhorting them,—and, as teachers of the Gospel, of bringing up the rising generation in the fear of God, and in utter detestation of this inhuman traffic.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1845.

The New England Convention.

This is always the most interesting gathering of the Abolitionists. Here their principles and measures are discussed, and their plans set in motion; and the cheering and invigorating influence of the meeting is felt during the year and throughout the country.

Independently of the benefit to the cause through means of the good effect produced on the minds of Abolitionists themselves, the light and heat evolved from the collision of mind with mind, and the communion of heart with heart, are the means of all others best calculated to change the feelings of the advocates of Slavery. Many a misapprehension, doubt and fear, respecting the ultimate tendencies of our enterprise fade away as discussion proceeds—many an intricate problem is solved—many a hostile war-cry silenced—many a hypocrite unmasked. This is the only meeting during the Anniversary week, where freedom of speech can be exercised upon the very object of the meeting. It is consequently filled with a deep interest, and crowned with a sparkle and brilliancy utterly unknown to the other meetings, where the breath of opposition is never permitted to fan the flame they would kindle into clearness.

From three to four thousand people were present during the whole three days—representatives of every class and section of the community. A subject so interwoven as that of Slavery, with all our social, civil, and sacerdotal relations, discussed with all the warmth of devotedness, and the clearness of great and various talents on one side, and all the captiousness of unsuccessful opposition, and the energy of intelligent hatred on the other, held the great audience together through all the various turns of the discussions, till many a mind received the impulse for good, which it can never again lose.

The Anti-Slavery enterprise and the course of its advocates are both liable to be perpetually misunderstood. "What a pity that these men should quarrel so!" is the frequent exclamation of the beholders as fresh subjects of controversy arise in the ranks. No one, we think, could have been present through the whole of this Convention, without learning that what he might at first have been disposed to call "a quarrel and nothing wherefore," is but a part of the great general conflict of truth with error—of right with wrong—of energy with slackness—of concealment and compromise with frankness and fidelity—of selfishness with disinterestedness—of meanness with magnanimity.

The discussions on what is both technically and popularly called "the Church question" in the Anti-Slavery ranks, attracted an audience altogether unexampled for numbers. The mere statement of this question, at once puts to flight the calumnies of those who would fain brand the Abolitionists as Infidels. The question is of the position of the Church, and of the character of her members as pro-slavery. The end proposed by the Abolitionists in its discussion is the awakening of the consciences and the elevation of the moral sense of church-members; now so deplorably low and dead as to listen without dissent, nay, with applause, to defences of Slavery from the Scriptures.

The Rev. Mr. Pinney, ex-Governor of Liberia, and agent of the Colonization Society, came in on the second evening, and occupied a great proportion of the time in this Scriptural defence. He was exceedingly insulting to the Abolitionists personally, heaping upon them all the epithets which they use to characterize Slavery, and to describe the slaveholder, and which properly apply only to that highest degree of crime. All he said was most admirably calculated to facilitate the objects of his agency. It will be literally to him at the South what gin is to the English beggar—meat and drink, washing and lodging. It will open a broad way before him through the land from Boston to New Orleans, fill his collection boxes with bank notes, give fresh stimulus to the black laws of Maryland and every other slave State, under which the free blacks are tortured till they profess a willingness they do not feel to appease the terrors of the slaveholder, by going into life-long, oppressive exile; and it will furnish the oppressor, both at the North and at the South, with a mantle of religion, and a shield of church protection, beneath which he can bind anew the suffering slave-population of this land to their dreadful fate.

But the final effect of this and all such efforts, is to make the Church, in whose name they are made, a scoffing and a by-word throughout the earth. The old-school Presbyterian Church has received at the hand of this, her honored son, a blow from which she will not readily recover. Repentance alone can save her from going to pieces with the other pro-lsavery denominations, in this wreck and crash of the moral elemental war. Dear as his sect or his church may be to the Abolitionist, they can never take the place in his heart of that moral truth and righteousness, the promotion of which is the only ground of their right to exist at all. He has been trained by the prosecution of the cause, to the excision of even the offending right-hand; and when he has to choose between the American Church and the American Anti-Slavery Society, he cannot for one instant hesitate. "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other." He feels that he "cannot serve God and mammon," and he knows he cannot do a better work for the service of God than to brand a pro-slavery church as his enemy.

Mr. Garrison, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Pillsbury, repelled the assaults and refuted the arguments of Mr. Pinney. Once more the cause is seen front to front with Slavery herself. In spite of the great draw-backs which the pro-slavery course of "New-Organization," "Liberty party," and "No-Organization" have occasioned, we are at length enabled to charge over them. The public spectacle of Abolitionists, meanly assailed by all these opponents at once, in abuse of the magnanimity which gave them the opportunity of honorable opposition, did more than anything else could have done to show "why these people cannot go on with the Abolitionists." More

fortunate circumstance. It will go far to absolve us from the necessity that always has existed, of explaining "why these people cannot go on together." The elements were on this occasion so plainly seen shooting apart according to their affinities—Pilot and Herod were so openly made friends together by their opposition to the American Society—that the indispensable preparatory work of drawing the lines is greatly promoted. It is a great thing for the cause when its foes are all without the camp, and all under the fire of the same fortress.

The Convention was most deeply interesting to the philosophical observer, as well as to the moral reformer. Probably there was never a more forcible illustration of the efficacy of our anti-slavery modes of operation, so different from the ones in use in the world at large. We allowed freedom to the utmost, and the very malignity of the opposition that showed itself operated as a stimulus to fresh effort, by exhibiting the precise nature and position of the obstacles. No tragi-comedy was ever more interesting than the various scenes of the Convention. The money-raising scene,—the scene, with the pro-slavery rioters which broke up the Convention on the last evening,—the debate with the colonizationist, and that with the pro-slavery Doctor of Divinity; the comic and the solemn, the eloquent and the solid, so rapidly succeeding each other in the various speeches; the alternate flashes of light and the handfuls of dust thrown upon the arena of debate, deserve each a column of delineation. We hope to give their outlines hereafter. It may be profitable to the cause to do so. Meanwhile, we greatly rejoice in a great work done for the cause. The official report of the proceedings will be found in a preceding column.* The practical point to which all these proceedings converged, will be more distinctly exhibited hereafter, than it could be at the time; defeated as the completion of our purposes was, by the mob, at that moment. Such an exhibition of pro-slavery violence, called forth as it was, by fidelity to anti-slavery principle, clothed in the most unexceptionable words of kindness and love, will do more for our cause in the minds of Bostonians than anything else could have effected. While we never seek or choose mobocratic violence for the sake of the re-action, we are always ready to meet what is unavoidable; and "we have learned by long experience a cheerful and ready agreement to profit by pain."—c.

* The Official Report has not been received.

Infidelity.

It is an honored title. There never lived the Reformer yet who had not to bear it. From Jesus down to the humblest anti-slavery preacher of our time, who would, like him, apply the great doctrines of Christianity to the sins of the day, the Pharisees always cry, "he blasphemes!" No matter how gigantic the sin—or rather the more gigantic it may be, and the more need there may be of repentance, the more frantic the cry, of "crucify him! crucify him!" To be the object of it is, in some sense, a test of the faithfulness of those against whom it is raised. He cannot be far from right who is infidel to the religious form of a time-serving generation, and brings forth fruits which the unbeliever in good works brands as wicked. It matters little at such times what you do, if your belief is orthodox, though even orthodox belief will not save you, if your works are beyond the orthodox standard. You must believe a great deal—that is absolutely necessary,—you must also do very little—that is just as needful. Important, however, as belief is, the want of it will be much more readily excused, than the sin of *too much* virtue in your life.

The New-York correspondent of the Boston Christian Watchman, closes a letter to that paper as follows:

This poor man (O. S. Murray) began his downward career when in the abolition ranks, by denouncing churches and ministers, and at last he has landed in open scepticism. Let this be a warning to others who are pursuing the same course. And that this is the natural tendency of ultraism, must have been painfully evident to any one who attended the meetings of the Garrison Anti-Slavery Society, in New-York, last week. The speakers in this Society, and those in the Infidel Convention, proved themselves to be par *nobile fratum*. It was melancholy to hear the gifted, the graceful, and eloquent Wendell Phillips pouring out the vials of his wrath upon the churches and ministry of our land, in fellowship with the infamous Foster, who calls our churches a "brotherhood of thieves," and with the Vice-President of the Infidel Convention, W. C. Bell, (who is now in this city soliciting subscribers for the paper lately established by Cassius M. Clay.) Indeed the Garrisonians and Infidels seemed to coalesce with wonderful facility. Many of the speakers in the Anti-Slavery Society were of the latter class. The transition was perfectly easy from the one meeting to the other. It becomes all who are advocating the cause of human liberty, to beware of these men, who, while professing to aim a blow at Slavery, are stabbing Christianity at the heart, and thus crushing the hopes of the oppressed. Let all who love the cause of humanity stand aloof from these traitorous friends of freedom, and rely for success upon the prevalence of religious principles, which are subversive of all tyranny. Let the professed disciple of Christ not join hand with blasphemers, for they design not simply, if at all, to effect the overthrow of Slavery, but to make their avowed love of liberty the means of undermining the whole fabric of society, and of revealed religion. Their voice is the voice of Jacob, but their hands are the hands of Esau.

Yours, &c.

J. C.

Now what may be Mr. Bell's belief I neither know nor care. Neither does the Church care. He may deny the Scripture, or deny the existence of a God, and the Church would hold him less guilty than this act of giving countenance to the old organized Abolitionists. The latter they visit with the most bitter denunciations, but they will neither convert nor relieve the three millions of heathen slaves, nor denounce those who make them so. And Liberty party comes up to the help of this really Infidel and pro-slavery Church, and makes through some of its organs, the casual circumstance of Mr. Bell's speaking at our meeting, a cause of reproach to us. Did we consider it a just reproach we might retort that the authorized agents of Mr. Bell in this city are the proprietors of a Liberty-reading room. But we do not so consider it, and have, therefore, no reproach to make. Every body is welcome to our platform. Even Liberty party is tolerated in the excess of our charity.

The following letters are from the New-York Tribune. Mr. Clay may be assured that in this matter he is only reaping the first fruits of defamation and persecution which his advocacy of the cause of the slave will heap upon him. He will have to bear all his own sins, and all his virtues will be accounted as such; and he will be held accountable for the errors of opinion, and the practical virtues,—which are worse—of all connected with him. The Church is no more ready to give its countenance to him than to Northern Abolitionists. He may thank God and take courage, however, that he is no church-member. His own work will be all the easier. Should Mr. Bell stay long enough at the North, he will learn that Liberty party is very far from believing in the principles which he holds so essential. "Freedom of thought, and universal mental liberty," is very far from being a part of their conduct, if it is of their creed.

A CARD.

The New-York *Express* terms Mr. W. C. Bell "the coadjutor of C. M. Clay," whilst denouncing the Infidel Convention: and many personal friends have written to me that Mr. B.'s course with regard to the Abolition and Infidel Conventions would injure the True American, for which Mr. B. is now constituted the agent in the North. It is enough for me to say that I am not at all responsible for Mr. B.'s opinions upon any subject, any more than he is responsible for mine. He is our agent for a special purpose, the procuring subscribers to the True American, for which we make him a pecuniary compensation. I assume to myself no right whatever to control his opinions or conduct in other respects; nor should I venture to inquire into them, any more than I would into the political or moral tenets of the physician who gives me medicine, or the farmer who sells me bread. Yet, under protest against any constructive intolerance, in speaking for myself, I avow that I am a friend of the Union and the Christian religion. I believe that whatever good can be evolved by our political institutions can best be insured by the legitimate action of the Union. I am now, and ever have been, the fast friend of the Christian religion. Mankind ever have had and ever will have some religion, and I am fully persuaded that of all codes of morals extant the Christian is based upon the most thorough understanding of the laws of our moral and physical nature. I am a member of no church, a partisan of no sect; equally tolerant of all creeds, I give my first approbation to those who most prove their faith by their works. I deny the existence of the technical individuality of "*the church*" and its assumed "*infallibility*." Wherever, under the wide Heavens, is a sincere, benevolent, enlightened soul, pursuing the dictates of a pure conscience, there, in my humble judgment, is one of the sons of God, a member of the world-wide church. History declares that "the Church" as an organized body, has ever been conservative, rather than progressive; reform and the evolution of new and great principles of human conduct have proceeded from some fortunate and daring genius; the Church has been but the recipient and exponent of the sum of the moral intelligence of any particular epoch. I am a friend of the Church, in other words, of the Priesthood of religion, because impelled in the main by devoted faith, they are well adapted to propagate among the multitude the truths which philosophers evolve, and which speculative minds are not always the most ready, by self-sacrifice, to infuse into the great unreflecting mass of mankind." "Whatever is, is right"—the paradox of Pope is worthy of all consideration. I would as little think of persecuting Infidels as Christians. *Freedom of thought* is vitality to the intellect, without which mankind would be soon enveloped once more in cruel superstition and debasing barbarism.

> "Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base
> Abandonment of reason to resign
> Our right of thought—our last and only place
> Of refuge; this at least shall still be mine."

The noble poet made amends for many woes inflicted on mankind by this immortal sentiment. The combined intellect of the non-professors of religion is the balance-wheel upon the fanaticism of the Church, which, I repeat, is neither better nor worse than, but simply the exponent of, the sum of the morals and mind of the age. The churches are now splitting upon the great question of Slavery; each section, Northern and Southern, no doubt representing the aggregate sentiment of their respective constituencies. If they are somewhat behind their more daring defenders of civil liberty and enlightened morals, we should not denounce them on that account, for they have to move in mass, and are of consequence slower in progress than single isolated individuals. They are following hard on the face of the swiftest in the North, and we have reason to hope for the same results in the South, in spite of the proposed dismemberment.

Still, by all that is sacred among men, I warn the Southern churches to take care how they venture to give the sanction of the Bible to Slavery: for, whatever may be said of the Old Testament, there can be no question but that the glorious doctrines of the Christian religion are utterly subversive of the relations of master and slave, which is one of violence, not of love; for when arbitrary force or Lynch-law ceases, Slavery dies. And should the priesthood succeed in convincing the world that Slavery is the doctrine of the New Testament, then will Infidelity become the true religion of mankind—and not till then.

C. M. CLAY.

LEXINGTON, Ky. May 15, 1845.

MR. GREELY:—There is no mistake in my having acted as Chairman of the Infidel Convention; or in the fact that I had labored for four years to bring about that event; nor in the most interesting circumstance of all, that I witnessed in the city of New-York a meeting of men and women, about two hundred in number, with upwards of one hundred names sent in from those who could not attend; where, considering the aggregate of individual and collective independence of spirit and moral courage, there were decorum and harmony, unexampled in any deliberative body met for the first time to organize.

I entered the Tabernacle on the 6th day of May, after two or three persons had spoken, and at a late hour I heard Miss Hitchcock's speech. Near its close she was assailed by volleys of hisses and clamors. She bore the fire like a heroine; she quailed not, but stood undaunted and continued to speak.

Now, my whole life has been devoted to introduce and sustain among men *the inviolability of the Freedom of Thought and Universal Mental Liberty*. I was shocked at the idea of a public audience hissing a woman, and, as the readers of the Boston Investigator know, had expressed my opinion on that subject in relation to a similar course in Boston, toward the talented Mrs. Rose.

My language in the Tabernacle was, "I admire the spirit of the lady who has just taken her seat." These words have been construed to identify me with the Disunionists and with the Liberty party. As regards the latter, I am free to believe that their political principles, as far as they have been expounded to me, are those of our Declaration of Independence: the only public document which the world has ever seen which comes home to the Truth, in all things and in all respects regarding the rights, interests, and privileges of humanity. But I differ "*toto cælo*" with all the so-called Abolitionists of the North; believing that there is a principle pervading all organized beings repulsive to violence, and that, if you would amend errors or establish right, it must be done with mild, kind, and charitable feelings, or in a word, by moral suasion devoid of duplicity. The people of the South are no more to blame for the institution of Slavery than the Liberty or any other party for the thousand and one chartered and countenanced monopolies, which fill our country with pauperism, immorality, and crime. What shall I reply to those individuals of the Liberty party, whose seminal principle—Freedom of Thought, Speech, and Action—was conceived in the South born and nurtured in the North to the full stature of a political party; who would not only drive me from an honorable employment, because, forsooth! I do not belong to their church; but throw me, as such a course has ever thrown millions upon millions of others, an outcast from all that is virtuous and good, *into* the very vice they profess to deprecate?

Pity, Pity, Pity, Forgiveness *and* my advice to read Combe's works on the Constitution of Man and Moral Philosophy, which they may find at any religious bookstore in these United States.

WILLIAM C. BELL, of Lexington, Ky.

The Philosophy of Hanging.

It being first proved that it is entirely in accordance with the will of God, that men should be choked to death for certain acts, of which they are, or are supposed to be guilty, the next important question is, whether it hurts much. The first question is already settled, to the entire satisfaction of most good people, at least those of the Orthodox Church, by the pious labors of the Rev. Dr. Cheever, and other distinguished divines. On the latter point, the London News gives some very consolatory information. It is a vulgar error to suppose that the writhings, contortions, and struggles of the victims are any indication of physical pain. On the contrary, the death is a remarkably easy one. In the act of execution, the tooth of the sixth vertical vertebræ, which in life is held from pressing on the spinal marrow by a ligament, is jerked forward, the ligament broken, the fatal pressure induced, and life and sensation are extinguished together." The few remains of disgust and horror which still linger about the idea of the gallows might be entirely done away with, if it should only be called an operation on the "sixth vertical vertebræ," and be performed by the ministers of the Gospel.

A Curious Question.

The Louisville Journal asks—"Will it not be a decidedly curious state of the case if we get into war with Great Britain for the privilege of promoting the Slave-Trade between this country and Texas, and with Brazil for the purpose of suppressing the Slave-Trade?"

No more curious, it strikes me, than that men should be elevated to the Presidency who, according to the spirit of one of our laws, are "pirates." No more curious than a scene now enacting in Louisville, wherein the ministers of the Gospel of Love,—the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus—the Christians *par excellence* of the nineteenth century—the godly and venerable bishops, and right reverend and pious doctors of divinity, are striving with prayerful spirits and holy zeal, to divide a church, because one portion of it has whispered,—only whispered—in the most deprecating, and beg-pardon manner, that it is not *exactly* the thing for Bishops to steal children,—ministers may, and laymen, but Bishops should not thus "disturb the peace of the church." There are a great many curious things about the Democracy and Christianity of this great American people. It is altogether a curious as well as a "great country." And the most curious of all is, that the people do not seem to suspect their national hypocrisy and wickedness.

COLONIZATION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Colonization Society was held last week in Boston. It appears to be in a flourishing condition. In the year ending in May, 1844, the amount of its receipts was $663 32, and in the year just closed they had increased to $6,024 40. It is supported mainly by the religious world—so-called—and its flourishing condition is owing, no doubt, to the increasing Anti-Slavery sentiment of the "outside barbarians."

☞ The absence of the resident editor, who is attending the Annual meeting of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, must be the apology, if any is needed, for the want of the usual amount of editorial. As he will not return till the latter part of the week, he requests that the meeting appointed to be held at the Office on this (*Thursday*) evening, may be postponed till *Thursday* evening next. Let there be a full meeting at that time.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Thirteen Days Later from Europe.—Arrival of the Great Western.

The steamship Great Western, Commander R. R. Mathews, which left Liverpool at 4 1-2 o'clock, P. M. on the 17th ultimo, arrived off Sandy Hook Sunday morning at 9 1-2 o'clock, and came up to the city about noon, making the passage in a little less than fifteen days. She brings sixty-two passengers.

The news has no feature of striking interest. Cotton has undergone no material change of prices since our last preceding advices, though the sales have been large. Business was good in the manufacturing districts, and Great Britain generally prosperous. Iron had fallen off from the high prices of April, and the market was dull and dubious.

GREAT BRITAIN.

We make the following extracts from an article in Willmer and Smith's Times of May 17th:

The probability of a war with the United States occupies the public mind on this side the Atlantic, to the exclusion of every other topic. The arrivals from the Western World are looked to with absorbing interest, and the instant a packet arrives, the news is conveyed with all the potency and speed which steam can command, to the metropolitan journals. * * * But whatever diversity of opinion may exist amongst Englishmen as to the abstract merits of Republicanism, a war with America—the bare contemplation of such a possibility—is abhorrent to the national mind. A war party, properly so called, as regards the United States, does not exist. There is nothing to mark its influence. The mooted point—the Oregon—is not generally believed to be worth fighting for. It is not a point which appeals to national pride, or prejudice, or power. Every one feels that this little island has territory enough, without measuring lances with a kindred people about a few thousand miles of a barren and profitless waste. The sentiment which has taken deep root in the public mind of this country—which pervades all classes, and sects, and shades of opinion, and unites them as one man, refers not to the *value* of the territory in question, but to what they conceive to be the arrogant, overbearing, *bullying* style with which the opposite claim is advanced. It is with a spirited people as with a spirited animal—if you drive, they resist, if you lead, they may concede. Mr. Polk must be a crude judge of human nature, or he would not have put forth in his Inaugural Address about the Oregon, sentiments which were not merely indistinct—not merely uncalled for and out of place, but which sneered at, and may be said to have hurled defiance at the British claim. We say nothing now as to the *justice* of the claim; all that we aim at is, to account for the extraordinary unanimity which exists on this question—an unanimity so surprising, that if we *do* go to war about it, every hand will be held up, every purse will be opened, every aim will be stretched, to sustain it, and bring it to a speedy and triumphant issue. There are men who would tamely submit to wrong that would instantly resent an insult. The country feels itself insulted by the new President. Is he not a bungling tactician that thus gives his opponent such an advantage—that places himself in the wrong by his *manner*, while he is probably *right* in his theory? Human ingenuity could hardly have devised any means so effectual for amalgamating, as in a crucible, the discordant elements of which public opinion in every free country is composed. Like the wand of an enchanter, Mr. Polk has done this, and if there is any truth in the saying of Napoleon, that moral force, even in war, far outstrips physical force, it will be found that his first will not be his last blunder.

Hasty men are generally obstinate men. The President has so precipitated matters that the question must *now* be settled. He has thrown the gauntlet, and it has been taken up: he has jeopardized the American claim, and flung to the winds the "wise and masterly inactivity" which Mr. Calhoun, with a far-seeing sagacity recommended as the best policy for the United States to pursue. Back out he cannot, without personal compromise, for he has shown his cards to his opponent, who will work the game accordingly. It is well understood on this side of the water—it is still better known at Washington—that the British Cabinet have come to the conclusion that the *present* is the time for bringing this matter to an issue. To let it slip would prove them as arrant bunglers as their antagonist. Diplomacy, like the chess-board, consists in a series of successful moves, and a skilful player can hardly be blamed for check-mating his rival. The affair might have remained in abeyance another quarter of a century, as it has done during the last half century, and every year would have increased the means, on the part of America, of a successful resistance—decreased, in the same ratio, the power of Britain to sustain, or take forcible possession of, the Oregon. The tide of emigration, which is daily flowing to the West would have peopled it in a few years with the Anglo-American race, who would have held their own against all intruders. These advantages have been cast to the winds, and nothing appears to remain but mutual concession, or the settlement of the question by the strongest arm. Here, again, the evil genius of the President confronts him. The temple of Janus is closed—we are at peace with the world. Our Indian empire is consolidated—our colonies in China are progressing. The British Exchequer is full to repletion—its navy is in admirable trim. Our steamers sweep every sea; our means of transporting troops, whether from Europe or from Asia, were never more complete—more perfect. There never was a period in the history of this country when it was better prepared for war; never did a question exist, not on its abstract merits, but because of its concomitant swagger, on which less diversity of opinion prevails; and with heart and soul would the *dernier resort* be entered upon and pursued.

We do not write in a partisan spirit. Nothing, Heaven knows, should we regard as a greater national calamity than a rupture with the United States; and we should be sorry to say or do anything which could in the remotest degree precipitate it. It is painful—harrowing—even to contemplate such a contingency. The elements of society would be convulsed, commerce would be swept from the ocean, and the ties of interest, and even of consanguinity, would be rudely snapped asunder. Upon England it would inflict all but irreparable injury, and America would hardly suffer less intensely. May so fearful a consummation be averted!

In this crisis it is not unnatural that public feeling in America should be watched with some anxiety. The commercial classes can have no desire to fight Britain about the navigation of the Columbia. The Northern States are identified with the continuance of peace and the progress of manufactures. The Southern States would not like to sacrifice their trade in cotton, tobacco, and other produce, for so illusory an object. The brawlers in the West may desire a row, from an inherent love of sport and of mischief, or a thirst for gain. But, after all, the matter will probably resolve itself into a contest for political supremacy. If the President is obstinate, and will concede nothing, the party which elected him may feel bound in consistency to sustain him, and the voice of the more sober and discreet portion of the Union will probably be drowned in the avalanche. We sincerely hope that discreet council will prevail, and that both Governments, conceding something for the sake of peace, may bring the matter to a timely and satisfactory adjustment. But it is folly to blink the fact, that the "black cloud in the West," to which Sir Robert Peel so portentously alluded, looks threatening, and may burst with devastating fury.

With any country but America, war, with all its newly-acquired horrors and improved instruments of destruction, would be fearful, yet *speedy*. But with such a line of coast on the Atlantic, and the barren waste in dispute on the Pacific side, it must, in the nature of things, be protracted. Possession of Oregon by an armed force would, of course, be the first, and the destruction of the Atlantic cities on the sea-board the second, object of British ambition. But we pause, and sicken at the bare idea of evils so appalling, and yet so apparently immediate, resulting from the language of a hasty and intemperate man, raised, unexpectedly, to a position in which his capacity for making mischief appears to be the only capacity of which he has yet, in the opinion of the Britishers, given any proof. Unfortunately for our sagacity, we foretold, in this journal, the very day following the arrival of the President's Inaugural Address, the hubbub to which his indiscreet remarks on the Oregon would give rise here, and our statement has been verified to the letter.

Wilmer and Smith's Times gives the following view of Parliamentary matters:

Our relations with America may probably be alluded to in Parliament, but are hardly likely to be discussed. The wily minister will keep his own councils, and allow members to flounder as long as they like in the waters of conjecture. In this respect American statesmen might, with advantage, take a useful hint from the cautious tact which characterize ministerial announcements in the British Parliament. Upon Mr. Polk, the lesson would probably be lost; but even a statesman so eminent as Mr. Calhoun could study in the school of diplomatic secrecy without any damage to his well-earned reputation. His speech on the Oregon Bill, when it came before the Senate, is now going the "round" of the English press; and who knows but that the indiscreet disclosures which he therein made as to the policy of leaving the Oregon question in abeyance for some twenty years, when Americans would be able to hold it themselves, may have furnished a hint, upon which the Government is now acting, in pressing for a speedy settlement of that vexed question? European statesmen appear to have become infected with Talleyrand's axiom, that speech was given to disguise thought and feeling. Sir Robert Peel certainly sinned against the rule when he admitted that the threatened rupture with America increased his desire to pacify Ireland; but, during his long public life, it is almost the first false step of the kind he has made, and savagely has he been badgered about it. If all men were honest, candor would be the first of the virtues; but, in the absence of universal perfection, statesmen must deal with the world as they find it.

The first great question which will occupy the attention of the House of Commons, will be Maynooth. The third reading of the Bill for the increased grant to that College is fixed for Monday. Of course it will pass—not, perhaps, with so thumping a majority as marked the second reading, and the divisions in the committee, but still with force numerically sufficient to beat down all opposition.

It *has* given satisfaction in Ireland, where the people are pleased, if not grateful for it; and as the cue now is to conciliate that portion of the empire, this last reason is scarcely less potent than the first. But though the Bill is safe, its results will make themselves manifest hereafter, and the probability is, that some of the most clear and comprehensive minds in the House of Commons will be swept from public life for having supported it, and their places be filled by wild politico-religious fanatics, who would burn their brothers at the stake on the merest abstract point of speculative theology. Lamentable as the confession is, in the middle of the 19th century, there is a vast amount of this rank, unmitigated bigotry. It is entertained, for the most part, by hard-headed men, of strong but impractical sympathies, who would *make* the world think as they think themselves, without bestowing a thought upon the justice or policy of the act. These "stern path of duty men," as they may be called, are generally persons of some substance, of staid, discreet habits—good husbands, fathers, friends, and possess, in the aggregate, an amount of influence which a public man cannot safely despise. They are the Puritans of the present age, imbued with the feelings of the 17th century. They are to be met with in every town, county, and hamlet throughout the land. To them the Maynooth Bill is a moral taint—a social poison, which will fester and corrupt the whole framework of society. The measure will long rankle in their hearts; and delighted will they be to have the opportunity of kicking any legislative Jack Pudding, who has been at all instrumental in cramming it down their throats.

The new education scheme for Ireland, which Sir James Graham developed before the adjournment of the House, has not been very favorably received, either in this country, or in the country to which it is to be applied. The Government propose in the three lay colleges which they intend to erect in the western and northern parts of the island, to let religion take care of itself. The friends of the students are expected to look after their religious education, for the State will not. Sir R. H. Inglis declares this to be a "gigantic scheme of Godless education," and, strange to say, Mr. O'Connell echoes the sentiments, and even the words of the member for Oxford. The learned gentleman, however, merely expresses his own individual estimate of the scheme. The measure, when it was first propounded by the Home Secretary, received the almost unanimous approbation of the Irish members who were present. Mr. O'Connell expresses his surprise that they could be so easily pleased.

FRANCE.

The exciting topic of the Jesuits has occupied the attention of the Chamber of Deputies. It originated with M. Thiers, who described the vicissitudes the order of Jesuits had experienced since its foundation; the motives of its condemnation in France in the 18th century, and those which had induced the Pope to pronounce the dissolution of a community which Frederick the Great alone, in all Europe, did not consider dangerous.

M. Thiers, in concluding, called on the Cabinet to execute the laws, and dissolve the Society.

ITALY.

The United States frigate Cumberland, Commodore J. Smith, arrived at Genoa the 30th April.

The publication of the Italian translation of Bancroft's History of the United States, has been formally refused, notwithstanding the efforts of the American Minister, by both the civil and ecclesiastical censure of Turin.

The Hon. Robert Wickliffe, Jr. the American Minister, has gone to spend a week with the Duke of Montmorency, at his chateau, in the neighborhood of Turin.

SWITZERLAND.

By the 2d instant, Lucerne had suffered all the prisoners made by the troops, to depart, under the stipulations for ransom. A letter from Lucerne gives an account of a curious sentence, the Nidwald, upon a Lieut. Nermann, who had joined the Free Corps in attack upon Lucerne. He is condemned to stand in public for four hours, with a rod in his hand, and then to be flogged with it, and afterwards imprisoned for six months, during which he is to receive "religious instruction."

The accounts from Switzerland to the 7th instant state that all the prisoners who are natives of Lucerne had been released, and the only captives remaining, five hundred and eighty-four in number, belonged to the Canton. The Government of Berne had sent a delegate to Lucerne, to make a last attempt to induce that Canton to abandon its intention to recall the Jesuits. The Bernese Envoy was said to be the bearer of a pressing recommendation to that effect from several influential members of the *corps diplomatique*.

TURKEY.

The Ottoman Government, being determined to carry out its plans for the moral and physical melioration of the country, has organized ten itinerant commissions, destined to set out and visit in detail, various portions of Asiatic and European Turkey, for the purpose of reporting upon the improvements that can, without too heavy a charge on the national resources, be introduced to further public instruction, advance agriculture, commerce, trade, the means of communication, the establishment of hospitals, and places of refuge for the poor, &c.

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

The Hobart-town and Launceston papers to the 10th of February, state that the harvest had commenced, but the crop was expected to be limited. The drought and winds had injured the wheat and barley. Wheat was as before, three shillings to three shillings and sixpence per bushel. The accounts of the general condition of the colony are not favorable, and the increase of crime is said to be a great drawback to the prosperity of the inhabitants.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The overland mail of the 1st of April arrived in London on the 6th instant.

In the Punjaub there is sad confusion, and two or three dynasties. The boy king, Dhuleep-Singh, rules at Lahore. In the mountain fortress of Janroo, Ghoolaub Singe maintains his supremacy, and the notorious Akbar Khan, of Cabul, is preparing to seize Peshawur. Ghoolaub Singh had formed a sort of an alliance with the Affghan leaders, and had entrapped a number of soldiers belonging to the rightful sovereign, and carried away the treasure of which they were the guardians. The British Government was preparing to assist the troops of the young King Dhuleep.

The expedition which Sir Charles Napier led into the territories of the Jakranees, Doombies, and Bookties, lying in the mountainous tracts to the westward of Poolajee, has been successful. Their country is to be given over to the honest tribe of the Murrees, who are disposed to adhere strictly to the British alliance.

The affairs of Sawnut Warree have assumed a complex aspect, in consequence of the Portuguese settlement of Goa becoming mixed up with the rebellion of the disaffected in those districts. The revolted chiefs fled over the Goa frontiers.

The court-martial for the trial of Lieut. Col. Wallace, of the Madras army, for disobedience of orders, was assembling at the end of March, at Belgaum.

In the interior of India tranquillity prevails. The Governor General, Sir Henry Hardinge, remains at Calcutta, engaged in forwarding measures for the improvement of the country.

The news from China extends to the 10th of February, but business was in a state of stagnation in consequence of the Chinese holidays.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Texan Ex-Secretary of State, Ashbel Smith, has arrived out, as resident Minister in France and England.

A war between England and Brazil is looked for.

The Irish Repeal Rent averages £350 to £400 weekly.

Louisiana Sugar.—Just as we are going to press, it has been reported at the Custom-house, on what we consider very good authority, that an order has been received from the Board of Customs, refusing admission to Louisiana sugar at the low duty.—*Liverpool Times, May 7.*

Loss of the Duke of Sussex Steamer.—The Duke of Sussex Steamer, belonging to the New Commercial Steam-packet Company, was wrecked off Boulogne on the night of the 3d instant. Fortunately no lives were lost. The pilots of the port and officers of the Humane Society rendered every assistance in their power. There was no cargo on board. The Duke was a very old vessel, but her machinery is said to be in good order.

Military Force in Ireland.—The official return of the military force in Ireland shows, that on the 1st of May there were, including the Royal Horse and Foot Artillery, 21,000 men; to which may be added 9,000 police, and the recently embodied out pensioners that can be called into active service if required.

Death of Mr. Thomas Hood.—We have to announce the death of this distinguished writer. The event had been anticipated by himself and his friends for some time past. Mr. Hood had been suffering so acutely that his family have scarcely for months known what it is to have one night's rest; and his literary labors have, during that time, been performed principally by a clergyman, who resides in Essex.

Concealment of a Noble Lord in a Coal Cellar.—Lord Northland voted with the Government on the Maynooth question; his vote was obtained under novel circumstances. It was the noble Lord's intention to have gone out of the House of Lords without voting at all. He remained, however, in conversation with another member until the doors were locked, and retreat impossible. Lord Arthur Lenox, (one of the Lord's of the Treasury,) however, in pity for the noble viscount, hid him in a coal cellar. According to the rules of the House, all members within the body of the House, must vote, and on its being intimated to the Speaker that Lord Northland was secreting himself, the Speaker ordered the Sergeant to fetch him from his lurking-place, which he did amidst shouts of laughter; and then, in gratitude, no doubt, to Lord Arthur Lenox, the noble Lord voted with Ministers.

Lord John Russell's Resolutions.—The leader of the opposition in the House of Commons, considering that the present time—a time of unusual prosperity and comfort—is the proper season for minutely considering the condition of the laboring classes, is to bring forward his resolutions on this subject on the 26th. They embrace topics of great magnitude, but will lead to nothing but debate. He denounces the corn laws as pernicious, but does not offer a substitute.

From the New-York Tribune.

Mexico and Texas.

We announced on Saturday that a bill allowing the Ministers of Foreign Affairs power to negotiate a Treaty with Texas for her Independence, with the proviso that she shall not be annexed to the United States, passed the Mexican House of Representatives on the 3d ultimo by a vote of 41 for, to 13 against it. No doubt was entertained of the unanimous passage of the bill in the Senate. A gentleman who furnished the New Orleans Picayune with an authentic abstract of the intelligence, says:

"Captain Elliot, English Chargé, to Texas, had been in the city of Mexico several weeks, accompanied by a Mr. Smith, secret Agent from the Government of Texas. They arrived from Galveston on the 11th of April, in the British frigate Eurydice. He had returned to Vera Cruz, and was waiting the action of the Senate upon this bill when I sailed. When the result was known, he would return to Galveston with it in the same vessel.

"Upon the 21 of this month Senor Canedo, formerly member of the Mexican Congress, took passage from Vera Cruz in the American bark Eugenie, for New-York, upon a diplomatic mission from the Government of Mexico to that of the United States; but his departure was not known until it was announced in the morning newspapers of the 10th instant.

"When the English merchants at Vera Cruz heard of Senor Canedo's departure, they chartered a schooner for New Orleans, which sailed on the 10th instant. The following evening we came up with and passed, about 8 o'clock, a vessel very much like her, standing upon the same course with us.

"The arrival of the American squadron at Vera Cruz created a great excitement there, and also in the city of Mexico, where it was represented to consist of twenty-one sail of men of war! The unexpected presence of this squadron had, no doubt, a salutary influence, and possibly might have caused the mission, so privately determined upon, to the United States.

"Mr. Shannon, late American Minister, had engaged his passage in an American vessel, and will sail about the 15th instant for New-York. It does not appear that he possessed any knowledge of the political affairs of the capital of Mexico, and he is not considered in any other light than an obscure American citizen, whose name is never alluded to as one at all connected with the important transactions of the day."

The Picayune says:

We are informed that Mexico is in a most distracted and unsettled condition, amounting almost to a state of revolution. The States of Tobasco and Puebla had already declared in favor of the Federal Constitution, and a general meeting had been held in Vera Cruz a few days before the departure of the Somers, for that purpose; but immediate active measures were suspended at the request of the Governor, who appears to be popular with all parties.

Santa Anna was still confined in the Castle of Perote, but no doubt was entertained that he would soon be liberated, if he is not already free to depart at pleasure. The impression that he will again be reinstated in power is becoming to be generally sustained, and many think that this will take place before the expiration of six months.

We learn that the brig Franklin, Capt. Nickerson, which has been on a whaling voyage in the Gulf for three months, during which time she has taken two sperm whales that yielded twenty-six barrels of oil, lately put in at Pensacola, on account of a mutiny that broke out among the crew.

From Rio Grande.

By the arrival of the bark Stephen Brewer, Captain Farran, we have later advices. From the 15th February to 15th April, ten American vessels left the port of Rio Grande in ballast, being unable to purchase cargoes or procure freights, owing to the great scarcity of hides and other produce. Since the declaration of peace in the Province, contrary to general expectation, hides have arrived from the interior very slowly and were immediately purchased for the European markets at high prices. At the sailing of the Stephen Brewer the market was completely overstocked with American produce, especially of domestics—sufficient on hand for over two years consumption—large quantities having gone forward to anticipate the new duties, which now amount nearly to a prohibition.

Accounts were momentarily expected of the blockade of Buenos Ayres by the combined fleets of England, France, and Brazil, the British Minister having left Rio on the 3d of April by a war steamer, and decisive measures were expected on his arrival.

The Montevidean army under Rivera were pursued into the Province of Rio Grande by the Buenos Ayrean forces early in April, and after a desperate engagement completely routed, with severe loss on both sides.

The Border difficulties daily increasing; the opinion of the military at Rio Grande was that war would be inevitable between Brazil and Buenos Ayres.

Died.

In Princeton, Mass. May 6th, Mr. EDWIN F. EVELETH, aged 31 years.

In Princeton, April 21, Mrs. MARY, wife of James M. Eveleth, aged 29 years, leaving a kind and affectionate husband and five children to mourn her loss.

Also, May 4, Mr. JOSHUA EVELETH, aged 80 years.

NOTICES.

ABOLITIONISTS OF RHODE ISLAND.

DEAR FRIENDS.—*The Annual Fair* of the *Providence Ladies' Anti-Slavery Society*, will be held in this city on the *first Wednesday* (Commencement Day) of September, 1845.

On behalf of this Fair, we would address not only the friends of Freedom in Rhode Island, but the enemies of Slavery everywhere. "Our Country is the world—our countrymen are all mankind." We are endeavoring to overcome, not only *our* foes, but the foe of universal freedom and of all freemen. The *spirit* of Slavery recognizes, not geographical limits, neither should the saving spirit of freedom. The friends of *Slavery* make common cause. They pour out their sympathy to each other in overwhelming currents. Why should localities throw the cramping cords of restraint around the *energies*, and the blasting influences of non-co-operation, about the *fellowship* of the truly free?

The recent startling and bloody aggressions of the slave spirit in threatening, imprisoning, branding, shooting, and murdering those of our brethren who dare feel, speak, and act for the bondman as bound with him; who dare think that mercy is *not* a crime, call for strengthened and more powerful, nay, unwearied exertions—more self-denial—personal sacrifice on our part, that we may bid the monster back to the hellish place of its birth. As a nation, we are on the verge of ruin. The prisons, the bloody defiance of the oppressor—the cry of our murdered brother's blood, from every mountain and valley—plain and swamp, of the South;—the shriek of the captured fugitive, as he is hurled back to bondage by slavery's northern "hell dogs;"—all these and more, proclaim to us that inaction *is treason*, and silence, *crime*.

Come and help us. Help us expel from the world a monster spirit that gluts upon the liberties and lives of God's free men. Be not penurious—"As ye would that others should do to you, do ye even so to them." Your own bodies are imprisoned—the fetters are on your limbs—the iron in *your* soul—inasmuch as this is your brother's fate.

Give us of your substance—no matter of what name, kind or nature it may be—everything—anything will be valuable. Almost *every* person has *something* that may be devoted to this purpose. Will you not hunt it up? Do it for humanity's sake—for your own sake.

All contributions, or communications for information or otherwise, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, corner of Broad and Dorance Streets, care of Amaraney Paine.

S. R. Harris, *Hannah B. Shove.*
Mary R. Clarke, *Lucretia Francis,*
Abby Thurber, *Olive Tuber,*
Sarah B. R. Foster, *Abby A. Lake,*
Caroline Ashley. *Abby Burgess,*
Sarah R. Smith, *Mary Smith,*
Elizabeth H. Brown, *Amarancy Paine.*

PROVIDENCE, May 10th, 1845.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Are you ready, dear friends, to commence with us preparations for the Pennsylvania Fair of 1845? Warm hearts and active hands we would enlist, at this early period, that no time may be lost which might be profitably spent in this service. Information respecting what is to be done, it can scarcely be necessary to offer to those who, year by year, have been laboring side by side with us in this department of Anti-Slavery toil, and whose skill and

Poetry.

From the Protestant Churchman.

BRIDGES.

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the "Bridge of Sighs;"
It stretches from life's sunny part,
To where life's darkness lies.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch life's tide below,
Sad thoughts come through the shadowy land,
And darken all its flow.

Then as it winds its way along
To sorrow's bitter sea,
Mournful is the spirit-song,
That upward floats to me.

A song which breathes of blessings dead,
Of friends and friendships flown;
Of pleasures gone—their distant tread
Now to an echo grown.

And hearing thus, beleaguering fears
Soon shut the present out,
While bliss but in the past appears,
And in the future doubt.

O, often then will deeper grow
The night which round me lies;
I wish that life had run its flow,
Or never found its rise!

II.

I have a bridge within my heart,
Known as the bridge of faith;
It spans, by a mysterious art,
The streams of life and death.

And when upon this bridge I stand,
To watch the tide below,
Sweet thoughts come from a sunny land,
And brighten all its flow.

Then, as it winds its way along
Toward a distant sea,
O pleasant is the spirit-song,
That upward floats to me.

A song of blessings never sere,
Of love "beyond compare,"
Of pleasures flowed from troublings here,
To rise serenely there.

And hearing thus, a peace divine
Soon shuts each sorrow out;
And all is hopeful and benign,
Where all was fear and doubt.

O, often then will brighter grow
The light which round me lies;
I see from life's beclouded flow,
A crystal stream arise.

A. D. F. R.

From "Saul—A Mystery." By Arthur Cleveland Cone.

ABNER.

In better days,
There was an homage writ in every soul,
And deepest graven in the nobler sort,
Which now is smoothed away; and holy rites;
And tributes, native in the human heart;
Which true religion nurtures, as the sun
Matures good seed, from blossom into fruit;
Are rooted up, or chilled: till God, at length,
Is each man's graven image, in the fancy;
A thing as weak, poor, fickle, and supine,
As the mere humor of its worshippers,
Would choose their God to be.

JONATHAN.

I learned, my lord,
To moralize, as thou dost, very young;
For good old Samuel was my catechist;
And, as I grow in years, it deeper sinks
Into my very heart, that I should be,
In such an uncongenial climate born,
Of spiritual cold! For, everything
I most admire, doth cross the grain of others;
And what, from principle, I dare not do,
Restoring ancient modes of piety,
Makes others stare, and call it my conceit;
When, before God, it is deep-working thought,
And high resolve to bless another age,
While this one crushes me. For, noble Abner,
Hast thou not marked, what in itself is good,
Though laughed at, when the good espouse it first,
Is, to the after-age bequeathed down,
All ven'rable and ancient, with their names!
Now, let the poor, short-seeing, mob of men
Laugh on, and have the echo for their cheer;
But we, will live our lives, for future days;
Content to know, that though despised of fools,
We, in communion with the noble dead,
And, with applause from viewless ministers,
Ay, with the strengthening smile of God himself,
Do hold, in his high service, our still way,
Having within us, all our journey through,
And, in his home at last, our high reward!

LOSS IN DELAYS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHWELL, A POET OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

Shun delays, they breed remorse,
Take thy time, while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force,
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee;
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labor comes to naught.

Hoist up sail while gale doth last,
Tide and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seek not time when time is past,
Sober speed is wisdom's leisure;
After-wits are dearly bought,
Let thy fore-wit guide thy thought.

Time wears all his locks before,
Take thou hold upon his forehead;
When he flies he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is naked;
Works adjourned have many stays,
Long demurs breed new delays.

Seek thy salve while sore is green,
Festered wounds ask deeper lancing;
After cures are seldom seen,
Often sought, scarce ever chancing;
Time and place give best advice,
Out of season, out of price.

THE DEATHBED.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As on her breast the wave of life,
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers,
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed;—she had
Another morn than ours.

Miscellany.

From the Columbian Magazine.

THE YOUTHFUL EMIGRANT.

A true Story of the early settlement of New Jersey.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

A being breathing thoughtful breath;
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill.
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.—WORDSWORTH.

The latter part of the seventeenth century saw rapid accessions to the Society of Friends, called Quakers. The strong humility, the indwelling life, which then characterized that peculiar sect, attracted large numbers, even of the wealthy, to its unworldly doctrines. Among these were John Haddon and his wife Elizabeth, well-educated and genteel people, in the city of London. Like William Penn, and other proselytes from the higher classes, they encountered much ridicule and opposition from relatives, and the grossest misrepresentations from the public. But this, as usual, only made the unpopular faith more dear to those who had embraced it for conscience' sake.

The three daughters of John Haddon received the best education then bestowed on gentlewomen, with the exception of ornamental accomplishments. The spinnet and mandolin on which their mother had played with considerable skill, were of course banished; and her gay embroidery was burned, lest it should tempt others to a like expenditure of time. The house was amply furnished, but with the simplest patterns and plainest colors. An atmosphere of kindness pervaded the whole establishment, from father and mother down to the little errand boy; a spirit of perfect gentleness, unbroken by any freaks of temper or outbursts of glee; as mild and placid as perpetual moonlight.

The children, in their daily habits, reflected an image of home, as children always do. They were quiet, demure, and orderly, with a touch of quaintness in dress and behaviour. Their playthings were so well preserved, that they might pass in good condition to the third generation; no dog's ears were turned in their books, and the moment they came from school, they carefully covered their little plain bonnets from dust and flies. To these subduing influences, was added the early consciousness of being pointed at as peculiar, of having a cross to bear, a sacred cause to sustain.

Elizabeth, the oldest daughter, was by nature strong, earnest, and energetic, with warm affections, uncommon powers of intellect and a lively imagination. The exactly equal pressure on all sides in strict Quaker families is apt to produce too much uniformity of character; as the equal pressure of the air makes one globule of shot just like another. But in this rich young soul, the full stream, which under other circumstances might have overleaped safe barriers, being gently hemmed in by high banks, quietly made for itself a deeper and wider channel, and flowed on in all its fulness. Her countenance in some measure indicated this. Her large clear blue eye "looked out honest and friendly into the world," and there was an earnest seriousness about her mouth, very unusual in childhood. She was not handsome; but there was something extremely pleasing in her fresh healthy complexion, her bright intelligent expression, and her firm elastic motions.

She was early remarked by all her acquaintance as a very peculiar child. In her usual proceedings, her remarks, and even in her play, there was a certain individuality. It was evident that she never intended to do anything strange. She was original merely because she unconsciously acted out her own noble nature in her own free and quiet way. It was a spontaneous impulse with her to relieve all manner of distress. One day she brought home a little half-blind kitten in her bosom, which her gentle eloquence rescued from two cruel boys that had cut off a portion of its ears. At another time she asked to have a large cake baked for her, because she wanted to invite some little girls. All her small funds were expended for oranges and candy on this occasion. When the time arrived, her father and mother were much surprised to see her lead in six little ragged beggars. They were, however, too sincerely humble and religious to *express* any surprise. They treated the forlorn little ones very tenderly, and freely granted their daughter's request to give them some of her books and playthings at parting. When they had gone, the good mother, quietly said, "Elizabeth, why didst thou invite strangers, instead of thy schoolmates?"

There was a heavenly expression in her eye, as she looked up earnestly, and answered, "Mother, I wanted to invite *them*, they looked *so* poor."

The judicious parents made no circumstance of it, lest it should create a diseased love of being praised for kindness. But they gave each other an expressive glance, and their eyes filled with tears; for this simple and natural action of their child seemed to them full of Christian beauty.

Under such an education, all good principles and genial impulses grew freely and took vigorous root; but the only opening for her active imagination to spread its wings, was in the marvellous accounts she heard of America and the Indians. When she was five or six years old William Penn visited her father's house, and described some of his adventures in the wilderness and his interviews with red men. The intelligent child eagerly devoured every word, and kept drawing nearer and nearer, till she laid her head upon his knees, and gazed into his face. Amused by her intense curiosity, the good man took her in his lap, and told her how the squaws made baskets and embroidered moccasons; how they called a baby pappoos, and put him in a birch-bark cradle, which they swung on the boughs of trees. The little girl's eyes sparkled, as she inquired, "And didst thou ever see a pappoos-baby thyself? And hast thou got a moccason-shoe?"

"I have seen them myself, and I will send thee a moccason," he replied; "but thou mayst go to thy mother now, for I have other things to speak of."

That night the usually sedate child scampered across the bed-room with but one sleeve of her night gown on, and tossed up her shoe, shouting, "Ho, ho! Friend Penn is going to send me an Indian moccason! Mother, ain't thee glad? Hannah, ain't thee glad?"

This unwonted ebullition was not rebuked in words, but it soon subsided under the invisible influence of unvarying calmness.

From that time, a new character was given to all her plays. Her doll was named Pocahontas, and she swung her kitten in a bit of leather and called it a pappoos. If she could find a green bough she stuck it in the ground for a tree, placed an earthen image under it for William Penn, and sticks with feathers on them for Indian chiefs. Then, with amusing gravity of manner, she would unfold a bit of newspaper, and read what she called Friend Penn's treaty with the red men. Her sisters, who were of a far less adventurous spirit, often said, "We are tired of always playing Indian. Why can't thee play keep school or go to see grandfather?"

But Elizabeth would answer, "No; let us play that we all go settle in America. Well, now, suppose we are in the woods, with great, great, big trees all around us, and squirrels running up and down, and wolves growling."

"Oh, I don't like wolves," said little Hannah. "They will bite thee. Father says they will bite."

"I should n't be afraid," replied the elder sister; "I would run into the house and shut the door, when they come near enough for me to see their eyes. Here are plenty of sticks. Let us build a house; a wigwam, I mean. Oh, dear me, how I should love to go to America! There must be such grand great woods to run about in; and I should love to swing the little pappooses in the trees."

When Elizabeth was eleven years old, she went with her parents to yearly meeting and heard, among other preachers, a young man seventeen years of age, named John Estaugh. He was a new proselyte, come from Essex county, to join the annual assembly of the Friends. Something in his preaching arrested the child's attention, and made a strong impression on her active mind. She often quoted his words afterwards, and began to read religious books with great diligence. John Haddon invited the youth home to dine, but as there was no room at the table for the children, Elizabeth did not see him. Her father afterwards showed her an ear of Indian corn which John Estaugh had given him. He had received several from an uncle settled in New England, and he brought some with him to London as curiosities. When the little girl was informed that the magnificent plant grew taller than herself, and had very large waving green leaves, and long silken tassels, she exclaimed, with renewed eagerness, "Oh, how I do wish I could go to America."

Years passed on, and as the child had been, so was the maiden; modest, gentle, and kind, but always earnest and full of life. Surrounding influences naturally guided her busy intellect into inquiries concerning the right principles of human action, and the rationality of customary usages. At seventeen, she professed to have adopted, from her own serious conviction, the religious opinions in which she had been educated. There was little observable change in her outward manner; for the fresh spontaneousness of her character had been early chastened by habitual calmness and sobriety. But her views of life gradually became tinged with a larger and deeper thoughtfulness. She often spoke of the freedom of life away from cities, and alone with nature; of mutual helpfulness in such a state of society, and increased means of doing good.

Perhaps her influence, more than anything else, induced her father to purchase a tract of land in New Jersey, with the view of removing thither. Mechanics were sent out to build a suitable house and barns, and the family were to be transplanted to the New World, as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed. In the meantime, however, circumstances occurred which led the good man to consider it his duty to remain in England. The younger daughters were well pleased to have it so; but Elizabeth, though she acquiesced cheerfully in her father's decision, evidently had a weight upon her mind. She was more silent than usual, and more frequently retired to her chamber for hours of quiet communion with herself. Sometimes when asked what she had upon her mind, she replied, in the concise solemn manner of Friends, "It is a great thing to be an humble waiter upon the Lord; to stand in readiness to follow wheresoever he leads the way."

One day some friends who were at the house, spoke of the New Jersey tract, and of the reasons which had prevented a removal to America. Her father replied, that he was unwilling to have any property lying useless, and he believed he should offer the tract to any of his relatives who would go and settle upon it. His friends answered, "Thy relatives are too comfortably established in England to wish to emigrate to the wilds of America."

That evening, when the family were about to separate for the night, Elizabeth begged them to remain awhile, as she had something of importance to say. "Dear parents and sisters," said she, "it is now a long time since I have had a strong impression on my mind, that it is my duty to go to America. My feelings have been greatly drawn toward the poor brethren and sisters there. It has even been clearly pointed out to me what I am to do. It has lately been signified that a sign would be given when the way was opened, and to-night, when I heard thy proposition to give the house and land to whoever would occupy it, I felt at once that thy words were the promised sign."

Her parents, having always taught their children to attend to inward revealings, were afraid to oppose what she so strongly felt to be a duty. Her mother, with a slight trembling in her voice, asked if she had reflected well on all the difficulties of the undertaking, and how arduous a task it was for a young woman to manage a farm of unbroken land in a new country.

Elizabeth replied, "Young women have governed kingdoms, and surely it requires less wisdom to manage a farm. But let not that trouble us, dear mother. He that feedeth the ravens will guide me in the work whereunto he has called me. It is not to cultivate the farm, but to be a friend and physician to the people in that region that I am called."

Her father answered, "Doubt not, my child, that we shall be willing to give thee up to the Lord's disposings, however hard the trial may be. But when thou wert a very little girl, thy imagination was much excited concerning America; therefore, thou must be very careful that no desire for new adventures, founded in the will of the creature, mislead thee from the true light in this matter." I advise thee for three months to make it a subject of solid meditation and prayer. Then, if our lives be spared, we will talk farther concerning it."

During the prescribed time no allusion was made to the subject, though it was in the thoughts of all; for this highly conscientious family were unwilling to confuse inward perceptions by any expression of feeling or opinion. With simple, undoubting faith, they sought merely to ascertain whether the Lord required this sacrifice. That their daughter's views remained the same, they partly judged by her increased tenderness toward all the family; not sad, but thoughtful and ever-wakeful, as towards friends from whom she was about to separate. It was likewise observable that she redoubled her diligence in obtaining knowledge of household affairs, of agriculture, and the cure of common diseases. When the three months had expired, she declared that the light shone with undiminished clearness, and she felt more strongly than ever that it was her appointed mission to comfort and strengthen the Lord's people in the New World.

Accordingly, early in the spring of 1700, arrangements were made for her departure, and all things were provided that the abundance of wealth, or the ingenuity of affection could devise. A poor widow of good sense and discretion accompanied her as friend and housekeeper, and two trusty men-servants, members of the Society of Friends. Among the many singular manifestations of strong faith and religious zeal, connected with the settlement of this country, few are more remarkable than the voluntary separation of this girl of eighteen years old from a wealthy home, and all the pleasant associations of childhood, to go to a distant and thinly inhabited country, to fulfil what she considered a religious duty. And the humble, self-sacrificing faith of the parents, in giving up their beloved child, with such reverent tenderness for the promptings of her own conscience, has in it something sublimely beautiful, if we look at it in its own pure light. The parting took place with more love than words can express, and yet without a tear on either side. Even during the long and tedious voyage Elizabeth never wept. She preserved a martyr-like cheerfulness and serenity to the end.

The house prepared for her reception stood in a clearing of the forest, three miles from any other dwelling. She arrived in June, when the landscape was smiling in youthful beauty; and it seemed to her as if the arch of heaven was never before so clear and bright, the carpet of the earth never so verdant. As she sat at her window and saw evening close in upon her in that broad forest home, and heard for the first time the mournful notes of the whippo-wil and the harsh scream of the jay in the distant woods, she was oppressed with a sense of vastness, of infinity, which she never before experienced, not even on the ocean. She remained long in prayer, and when she lay down to sleep beside her matron friend, no words were spoken between them. The elder, overcome with fatigue, soon sunk into a peaceful slumber, but the young enthusiastic spirit lay long awake, listening to the lone voice of the whippo-wil complaining to the night. Yet notwithstanding this prolonged wakefulness, she rose early and looked out upon the lovely landscape. The rising sun pointed to the tallest trees with his golden finger, and was welcomed with a gush of song from a thousand warblers. The poetry in Elizabeth's soul, repressed by the severe plainness of her education, gushed up like a fountain. She dropped on her knees, and with an outburst of prayer exclaimed fervently, "Oh, Father, very beautiful hast thou made this earth! How bountiful are thy gifts, O Lord!"

To a spirit less meek and brave, the darker shades of the picture would have obscured these cheerful gleams; for the situation was lonely, and the inconveniences innumerable. But Elizabeth easily triumphed over all obstacles, by her practical good sense, and the quick promptings of her ingenuity. She was one of those strong clear natures, who always have a definite aim in view, and who see at once the means best suited to the end. Her first inquiry was, what grain was best adapted to the soil of her farm; and being informed that rye would yield best, "Then I shall eat rye bread," was her answer. The ear of Indian corn, so long treasured in her juvenile museum, had travelled with her across the Atlantic, and now, after the lapse of seven years, was planted in American soil. As the superb plant ripened, she acknowledged that it more than realized the pictures of her childish imagination.

But when winter came, and the gleaming snow spread its unbroken silence over hill and plain, was it not dreary then? It would have been dreary indeed to one who entered upon this mode of life from mere love of novelty, or a vain desire to do something extraordinary. But the idea of extending usefulness, which had first lured this remarkable girl into a path so unusual, sustained her through all its trials. She was too busy to be sad, and she leaned too trustingly on her Father's hand to be doubtful of her way. The neighboring Indians soon loved her as a friend, for they found her always truthful, just, and kind; and from their teachings she added much to her knowledge of simple medicines. So efficient was her skill, and so prompt her sympathy, that for many miles round, if man, woman, or child, were alarmingly ill, they were sure to send for Elizabeth Haddon; and wherever she went, her observing mind gathered some new hint for the improvement of farm or dairy. Her house and heart were both large; and as her residence was on the way to the Quaker meeting-house in Newtown, it became a place of universal resort to Friends from all parts of the country travelling that road, as well as an asylum for benighted wanderers. When Elizabeth was asked if she were not sometimes afraid of wayfarers, she quietly replied, "Perfect love casteth out fear." And true it was that she, who was so bountiful and kind to all, found none to injure her.

The winter was drawing to a close, when late one evening, the sound of sleigh-bells was heard, and the crunching of snow beneath the hoofs of horses as they passed into the barn-yard gate. The arrival of travellers was too common an occurrence to excite or disturb the well-ordered family. Elizabeth quietly continued her knitting, merely saying to one of the men, "Joseph, wilt thou put more wood on the fire? These friends, whoever they may be, will doubtless be cold; for I observed at nightfall a chilly feeling as of more snow in the air."

Great logs were piled in the capacious chimney, and the flames blazed up with a crackling warmth, when two strangers entered. In the younger, Elizabeth instantly recognized John Estaugh, whose preaching had so deeply impressed her at eleven years of age. This was almost like a glimpse of home—her dear old English home! She stepped forward with more than usual cordiality, saying, "Thou art welcome, Friend Estaugh, the more so for being entirely unexpected."

"I am glad to see thee, Elizabeth," he replied, with a friendly shake of the hand. "It was not until after I landed in America, that I heard the Lord had called thee hither before me; but I remember thy father told me how often thou hadst played the settler in the woods when thou wast quite a little girl."

"I am but a child still," she replied, smiling.

"I trust thou art," he rejoined; "and as for these strong impressions in childhood, I have heard of many cases where they seemed to be prophecies sent of the Lord. When I saw thy father in London, I had even then an indistinct idea that I might sometime be sent to America on a religious visit."

"And hast thou forgotten, Friend John, the ear of Indian corn which my father begged of thee for me? Since then I have seen it growing; and a goodly plant it is, I assure thee. See!" she continued, pointing to several bunches of ripe corn which hung in their braided husks against the walls of the ample kitchen; "all that, and more, came from the corn left with my father. May the good seed sown by the ministry be as fruitful."

"Amen," replied both the guests; and for a few moments no one interrupted the silence. Then they talked much of England. John Estaugh had not seen any of the Haddon family for several years; but he brought letters from them, which came by the same ship, and he had information to give of many whose names were familiar as household words.

The next morning it was discovered that snow had fallen during the night in heavy drifts, and the roads were impassable. Elizabeth, according to her usual custom, sent out men, oxen, and sledges, to open pathways for several poor families, and for households whose inmates were visited by illness. In this duty, John Estaugh and his friend joined heartily, and none of the laborers worked harder than they. When he returned glowing from this exercise, she could not but observe that the excellent youth had a goodly countenance. It was not physical beauty, for of that he had little; it was that cheerful, child-like, out-beaming honesty of expression which we not unfrequently see in Germans, who, above all nations, look as if they carried a crystal heart within their manly bosoms.

Two days after, when Elizabeth went to visit her patients, with a sled-load of medicines and provisions, John asked permission to accompany her. There, by the bedside of the aged and the suffering, she saw the clear sincerity of his countenance warmed up with rays of love, while he spoke to them words of kindness and consolation; and there she heard his pleasant voice modulate itself into deeper tenderness of expression when he took little children in his arms.

The next First-day, which we call the Sabbath, the whole family, as usual, attended Newtown meeting; and there John Estaugh was gifted with an outpouring of the spirit in his ministry, which sunk deep into the hearts of those who listened to him. Elizabeth found is so marvellously applicable to the trials and temptations of her own soul, that she almost deemed it was spoken on purpose for her. She said nothing of this, but she pondered upon it deeply. Thus did a few days of united duties make them more thoroughly acquainted with each other than they could have been by years of fashionable intercourse.

The young preacher soon after bade farewell, to visit other meetings in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Elizabeth saw him no more until the May following, when he stopped at her house to lodge, with numerous other Friends, on their way to the Quarterly Meeting at Salem. In the morning quite a cavalcade started from her hospitable door, on horseback; for wagons were then unknown in Jersey. John Estaugh, always kindly in his impulses, busied himself with helping a lame and very ugly old woman, and left his hostess to mount her horse as she could. Most young women would have felt slighted; but in Elizabeth's noble soul, the quiet deep tide of feeling rippled with an inward joy. "He is always kindest to the poor and the neglected," thought she. "Verily he *is* a good youth." She was leaning over the side of her horse, to adjust the buckle of the girth, when he came up on horseback and inquired if anything was out of order. With a slight confusion, and a voice less calm than her usual utterance, she replied, "Nothing, Friend John; I was merely looking to see if Joseph had buckled the girth securely." They trotted along leisurely behind the procession of guests, speaking of the soil and climate of this new country, and how wonderfully the Lord had here provided a home for his chosen people. Presently the girth began to slip, and the saddle turned so much on one side, that Elizabeth was obliged to dismount. It took some time to re-adjust it, and when they again started, the company were out of sight. There was brighter color than usual in the maiden's cheeks and unwonted radiance in her mild deep eyes. After a short silence, she said, in a voice slightly tremulous, "Friend John, I have a subject of great importance on my mind, and one which nearly interests thee. I am strongly impressed that the Lord has sent thee to me as a partner for life. I tell thee my impressions frankly, but not without calm and deep reflection; for matrimony is a holy relation, and should be entered into with all sobriety. If thou hast no light on the subject, wilt thou gather into the stillness, and reverently listen to thy own inward revealings? Thou art to leave this part of the country to-morrow, and not knowing when I should see thee again, I felt moved to tell thee what lay upon my mind."

The young man was taken by surprise; though accustomed to that suppression of emotion, which characterizes his religious sect, the color went and came rapidly in his face, for a moment; but he soon became calmer, and replied, "This though: is new to me, Elizabeth; and I have no light thereon. Thy company has been right pleasant to me, and thy countenance ever reminds me of William Penn's title-page, 'Innocency with her open face.' I have seen thy kindness to the poor, and the wise management of thy household. I have observed, too, that thy warm-heartedness is tempered by a most excellent discretion, and that thy speech is ever sincere. Assuredly, such is the maiden I would ask of the Lord, as a most precious gift; but I never thought of this in connection with thee. I came to this country solely on a religious visit, and it might distract my mind to entertain this subject at present. When I have discharged the duties of my mission, we will speak further."

"It is best so," rejoined the maiden, "but there is one thing disturbs my conscience. Thou hast spoken of my true speech; and yet, Friend John, I have deceived thee, even now, while we conferred together on a subject so serious. I know not from what weakness the temptation came; but I will not hide it from thee. I told thee I was looking to see if Joseph buckled the girth of my horse securely; but, in plain truth, I was loosening the girth, John, that the saddle might slip, and give me an excuse to fall behind our friends; for I thought thou wouldst be kind enough to come and ask if I needed thy services."

This pure transparency of motive seemed less wonderful to John Estaugh than it would to a man more accustomed to worldly ways, or less familiar with the simplicity of primitive Quakers. Nevertheless, the perfect guilelessness of the maiden endeared her to his honest heart, and he found it difficult to banish from his thoughts the important subject she had suggested. It was observable in this singular courtship, that no mention was made of worldly substance. John did not say, "I am poor, and thou art rich;" he did not even think of it. And it had entered Elizabeth's mind only in the form of thankfulness to God that she was provided with a home large enough for both.

They spoke no further concerning their union; but when he returned to England, in July, he pressed her hand affectionately, as he said, "Farewell, Elizabeth. If it be the Lord's will, I shall return to thee soon." He lingered, and their hands trembled in each other's clasp; then drawing her gently toward him, he imprinted a kiss on her open, innocent forehead. She looked modestly into his clear honest eyes, and replied in the kindest tones, "Farewell, Friend John, may the Lord bless thee and guide thee."

In October, he returned to America, and they were soon after married, at Newtown meeting, according to the simple form of the Society of Friends. Neither of them made any change of dress for the occasion, and there was no wedding feast. Without the aid of priest or magistrate, they took each other by the hand, and in the presence of witnesses, calmly and solemnly promised to be kind and faithful to each other. Their mutual promises were recorded in the church books, and the wedded pair quietly returned to their happy home, with none to intrude upon those sacred hours of human life, when the heart most needs to be left alone with its own deep emotions.

They lived together nearly forty years in the greatest unity. During that period she three times crossed the Atlantic, to visit her aged parents, and he occasionally left her for a season when called abroad to preach. These temporary separations were felt as a cross, but the strong-hearted woman always cheerfully gave him up to follow his own convictions of duty. In 1742, he parted from her, to go on a religious visit to Tortola, in the West Indies. He died there, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. She published a religious tract of his, to which is prefixed a preface, entitled, "Elizabeth Estaugh's testimony concerning her beloved husband, John Estaugh." In this preface, she says: "Since it pleased Divine Providence so highly to favor me, with being the near companion of this dear worthy, I must give some small account of him. Few, if any, in a married state, ever lived in sweeter harmony than we did. He was a pattern of moderation in all things; not lifted up with any enjoyments, nor cast down at disappointments. A man endowed with many good gifts, which rendered him very agreeable to his friends, and much more to me, his wife, to whom his memory is most dear and precious."

The brick tomb in which he was buried at Tortola, is still pointed out to Quaker travellers; one of whom recently writes, "By a circuitous path, through a dense thicket, we came to the spot where Friends once had a meeting-house, and where are buried the remains of several of our valued ministers, who visited this island, about a century ago, from a sense of gospel love. Time has made his ravages upon these mansions of the dead. The acacia spreads thickly its thorny branches over them, and near them the century-blooming aloe is luxuriantly growing."

Elizabeth survived her excellent husband twenty years, useful and honored to the last. The Monthly Meeting of Haddonfield, in a published testimonial, speaks of her thus: "She was endowed with great natural abilities, which, being sanctified by the spirit of Christ, were much improved; whereby she became qualified to act in the affairs of the church, and was a serviceable member, having been clerk to the women's meeting nearly fifty years, greatly to their satisfaction. She was a sincere sympathizer with the afflicted, of a benevolent disposition, and in distributing to the poor, was desirous to do it in a way most profitable and durable to them, and if possible not to let the right hand know what the left did. Though in a state of affluence as to this world's wealth, she was an example of plainness and moderation. Her heart and house were open to her friends, whom to entertain seemed one of her greatest pleasures. Prudently cheerful and well knowing the value of friendship, she was careful not to wound it herself, nor to encourage others in whispering supposed failings or weaknesses. Her last illness brought great bodily pain, which she bore with much calmness of mind and sweetness of spirit. She departed this life as one falling asleep, full of days, like unto a shock of corn fully ripe."

The town of Haddonfield, New Jersey, took its name from her; and the tradition concerning her courtship is often repeated by some patriarch among the Quakers. She laid out an extensive garden in rear of her house, which during her day was much celebrated for it herbs, vegetables, and fruits, liberally distributed all round the neighborhood. The house was burned down years ago; but some fine old yew trees, which she brought from England, are still pointed out on the site where the noble garden once flourished. Her medical skill is so well remembered, that the old nurses of New Jersey still recommend Elizabeth Estaugh's salve as the "sovereignest thing on earth."

From the London Punch.

A WORD IN THE EAR OF MR. POLK.

Harken, Mr. Polk, President of the United States of America, to a friendly whisper of advice from *Punch*. You have been lately expressing an intention of seizing on the Oregon territory; and in defiance of the British lion, appropriating the lion's share. You have thereby caused the said lion to wag his tail and roar. Attend to that roar, Mr. Polk—mark that tail—be warned, and beware. Run not your head into the lion's mouth. In other words, do not engage yourself in a contest with Great Britain.

In the first place, you want money to buy powder and shot; you have no national uncle, nor anybody else, to lend you sixpence, for those who lend sixpences expect to see them again.

Secondly, Mr. Polk, there is a circumstance on which it behoves you well to ponder. Among your glorious institutions, that of Slavery is very conspicuous. You have a large negro population. That's a fact, Sir, as your countrymen say; a great fact. You will hardly venture to arm your negroes. You dare not trust your slaves with arms. It would not be against the friends of freedom that they would direct those weapons. Would you expect them to fight for the chains and drivers, and to defend the law of Lynch? Do you calculate they would rally round the whipping-posts, and be faithful to their collars—the stripes?

On the contrary, does it not occur to you that England might present them with their freedom in cartouch-boxes? We should need to send few men to Kentucky, if we sent plenty of muskets. Liberty, remember, is inscribed on the British flag; it would be awkward for you were we to hoist that flag in America.

You are yourself a slave owner, Mr. Polk. What would be the effect of a proclamation of the O'Connell species, addressed to your "hereditary niggers?" Think of that, Master Polk. No, Sir; vapor, hector, bully, bluster, swagger, as much as you please. Shake your fist, cock your chin, make faces, take sights across the Atlantic at the "Britishers," and welcome. You will only divert us—ourselves especially—by affording us subjects for jokes and caricatures. In a word, talk as long and as big as you like about going to war; but don't do it. If you do, depend upon it, as *Richard the Third* says, "a black day will be for somebody;" and who that somebody will be, you may pretty particularly considerably well guess.

SACRIFICE OF LIFE IN THE WAR OF LA VENDEE.—Every one knows something of this terrible war. It continued less than eight months; but, though the whole territory contained a few years since only 800,000 inhabitants, even a French *Republican* writer makes the sum total of its victims no less than 952,000, besides all that perished on the side of the Republicans. The statement, even from such a source, seems incredible; but there is no end to the havoc of war. Considerably more than a million of lives must have been sacrificed in the war of La Vendee.

Two gentlemen, at a public table, got into a vehement dispute upon a subject of which it was quite evident both were profoundly ignorant. A big bull-dog, which had been quietly sleeping on the hearth, was aroused by their violence, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman, who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you brute. You know no more about it than they do." The laugh of the whole table was turned immediately upon the noisy brawlers.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.—The most beautiful array of flowers may be produced by taking on elder stalk, punching out the pith, placing within the stalk a variety of seeds, whose flowers blossom about the same time, and burying the stalk, and when blossoming, it has various kinds of flowers, according to the seed planted in the stalk. This is a beautiful discovery, and well worth the experiment.

Associated Agency.

Central Office, 20 *Wall Street*, (*basement*,) *New-York*.

THE attention of persons who are desirous of improving their condition in life, is respectfully invited to the following great bargains now offered in this office.

864 acres of land with improvements, in Lyonsdale, Lewis Co. N. Y. 40 miles north of Utica, with half of the immense water-power of High Falls, on Black River a large and never-failing stream, with sixty feet fall, with a saw-mill in operation. The whole, or a part will be sold. Price for the whole only $12,000.

A farm of 750 acres of the best quality of land in Frederick Co. Virginia, 40 miles from Washington City, in a high state of cultivation, with superior buildings, including stock and farming utensils, for $25,000.

3,000 acres of valuable land in Luzerne Co. Pennsylvania, with improvements, water-power, &c. for $37,500.

A large portion of the Town of Mount Carmel, Wabash Co. Illinois, with extensive tracts of land in the vicinity, including two villages, with Houses, Lots, Ferries Coal-Banks, and an abundance of water-power. Water communication by way of the lakes to New-York, and by the Mississippi to New Orleans.

A part of the town of Toolesborough, Louisa Co. Iowa, on the River Mississippi, with several thousand acres of land adjoining.

8,660 acres of first-rate rolling land in Lincoln Co. Missouri, on the Mississippi, 1,000 acres Prarie, the balance timbered land. Price $5,000.

20,000 acres of excellent farming land, very favorably situated in Hampshire Co. Virginia, at $2 an acre.

40,000 acres of choice selected land in Michigan, at $1 an acre.

2,500 acres of land in West Tennessee, Perry Co. will be sold, a great bargain.

60,000 acres, in Fentriss Co. Tennessee, in tracts varying from 1,000 to 5,000 acres each, of good farming land with Iron, Coal, Saltpetre, Epsom Salts, Copperas, and water-power.

214,000 acres in Washington, Green, Cock, Sevier and Blount counties, Tennessee, at 25 cents an acre. On these lands are Iron, Bituminous Coal, Fine Clay for Pottery, Feldspar, Quartz, Lime, Alum, and an inexhaustible supply of water-power.

Several of the above tracts of land are peculiarly adapted to the settlement of industrial Associations.

Also, for sale in this office, a great variety of Farms, Mills, Houses, Town-Lots, &c. in the different Counties of the States of New-York and New Jersey, and in all the Western States and Territories, at the lowest market prices, and with warranted title.

Having 26 Branch offices in the West, 9 in New England, and 4 in Europe, our Associated Agency offers the greatest facilities to persons wishing to buy, sell, or exchange Real Estate. All such are invited to command our services.

A principal object of the Association is, to put in practical operation a plan, by which persons wishing to purchase Real Estate of any description, may, with the least possible delay, trouble, or expense, be informed where they can find property for sale, adapted to their circumstances and wants; and by which the seller and the buyer may be brought together, to make such transactions as may be mutually beneficial.

We have already a rich Register of property for sale, to which we invite the attention of those who wish to purchase Real Estate of any description, or in any par of the country.

We also conduct an Agency for non-resident proprietors of Western Lands.

Agency for *procuring* and for *selling* Patents in the United States and in Europe.

Agency for receiving orders for Arnold's *Superior* Scythe Sharpening Rifles, Price in New-York, $6 a groce.

Agency for effecting insurance against fire in all parts of the Union.

Agency for sale of the Recipe for the genuine Berlin Hams, superior to Westphalias.

Agency for procuring Loans on Bond and Mortgage.

BUFFUM & Co.
Basement Office, 20 Wall Street
November 28, 1844.—tf.

Graham House, New Arrangement.

ROSWELL GOSS informs his friends and the public, that he has enlarged his Boarding Establishment, known as the

GRAHAM HOUSE, 63 BARCLAY STREET,

by adding to it the adjoining house, and is prepared to accommodate transient or permanent Boarders on the most favorable terms. All friends of Temperance desiring a quiet home, and freedom from the fumes of Alcohol and Tobacco, are invited to patronize this house. The vegetable system will be strictly adhered to, but a table will be served for those who prefer a mixed diet. Croton shower and warm baths free.

October 17. ROSWELL GOSS.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

(Second Edition.)

JUST Published, and for sale at this office, a new work on Capital Punishment. By Charles Spear. It contains a variety of thrilling and instructive anecdotes; also, all the capital offenses in every State in the Union; and a speech from O'Connell on the subject. Also, several instances of the execution of the *innocent*. Facts are drawn from history and observation, and the entire scripture ground has been examined. The work is embellished with a fine engraving. Price, 62 1-2 cents.

Education and Industry!

THE Northampton Association of Education and Industry have appropriated a suitable tenement for the accommodation of 15 or 20 boarding pupils. They will be members of a family, under the care of the Director of Education, assisted by his wife, and other teachers, and will be subject to the same treatment and regulations as pupils who are members of the association. The name of the association indicates the idea of culture, towards the realization of which our efforts will be directed. Systematic, habitual industry is deemed indispensable to education, which should aim at the harmonious development of the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious tendencies in active, practical life.

We shall consider $100 a year as an equivalent for instruction and board; from which a suitable deduction will be made when a pupil comes for several years. The year will commence on the 1st of May, next, and will have no fixed and entire vacation. Pupils will be received for a year at any time.

O. MACK, *Director of Education*.
BROUGHTON MEADOWS,
Northampton, April 14, 1844.

FREE CALICOES!

JUST received, 1 case fine calicoes. Also, 2 cases fine shirting muslins; together with a large assortmen of other free dry goods, at reduced prices, wholesale and retail. CHARLES WISE,

Northwest corner Arch and Fifth streets.
Philadelphia, 8th, mo. 17th 1843. tf.

PHILAD